SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

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WILLIAM HERBERT

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT.D.
FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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PREFACE

THIS is practically a new book, the critical matter in my former edition of the *Sonnets* (published in 1883, and somewhat revised and enlarged in subsequent years) having been mostly rewritten and considerably augmented. So far as I am aware, it is the first thoroughly annotated edition that has appeared in this country. The American editors of Shakespeare's works, like the great majority of those in England, have given less attention to the poems than to the plays; and the only separate English editions of the *Sonnets* (including both text and commentary) worth mentioning are those of Dowden, Tyler, and Wyndham (in his *Poems of Shakespeare*). Many books about the *Sonnets* have been published on both sides of the Atlantic, the majority of which, to my thinking, are chiefly notable for their fanciful theories of the origin and significance of the poems. For a full bibliography of these books, and also of the German literature of the subject (down to 1881, when it appeared), Dowden's *larger* edition may be consulted. For the critical student, as I said in my former edition, his careful *résumé* answers a double purpose: as a bibliography, directing him to the books and papers on the subject, if he is moved to read any or all of them; and as a compact and convenient substitute for these books and papers, if he wants to know their gist and substance without the drudgery of wading through them. I doubt not that the majority of students will be thankful that Dowden has relieved them of the drudgery by compressing many a dull volume or magazine article into a page or a paragraph.

My indebtedness to Dowden, Tyler, and Wyndham is duly acknowledged in the introduction and the notes. My own work must pass for what it may seem to be worth. A few questions, at least, I feel sure that I

have definitely settled: for instance, that Shakespeare could not have supervised or authorized the publication of the *Sonnets;* and that the date (and consequently the interpretation) of *Sonnet* 144 has been misunderstood by every former editor and commentator. Whether I have proved that the *order* of the first series (1–126) is not strictly chronological, and that some of them were addressed to a woman, the reader must decide for himself; and also whether he will endorse my criticisms of Mr. Sidney Lee's views concerning the identity of "Mr. W. H." and of the "rival poet," and sundry minor questions.

I have given special attention to Mr. Lee's theories of the *Sonnets*, partly because he has developed and defended them at such length in his *Life of Shakespeare* (quite out of proportion to the space allotted to other controverted questions of importance), and partly because his book is, in most other respects, so scholarly and authoritative. As in all cases where I disagree with other authors, I have endeavoured to state Mr. Lee's opinions and arguments fairly — generally in his own words — and as fully as the space at my command would permit.

In the partial revision of my former edition (1890) I was inclined, with many careful critics, to accept Mr. Tyler's ingenious and plausible identification of the "dark lady" with Mary Fitton; and the more so after critical friends who had visited Gawsworth to examine the statue of Mary on the family monument, had assured me that the remnants of paint on the stone indicated that she was really a "dark lady," as Tyler had asserted. But her portraits (see p. 32 below) prove that she was a blonde rather than a brunette, and the colours on the statue, if originally true to nature, must have darkened with the lapse of centuries.

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HENRY WRIOTHESLEY

LOVE

INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

THE EARLY EDITIONS

The *Sonnets* were first published in 1609, with the following title-page (as given in the fac-simile of 1870):

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley*. | 1609.

In some copies the latter part of the imprint reads: "to be solde by *Iohn Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609."

At the end of the volume *A Lover's Complaint* was printed.

In 1640 the *Sonnets* (except Nos. 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96, and 126), rearranged under various titles, with the pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Lover's Complaint*, *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, the lines "Why should this a desert be," etc. (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 133 fol.), "Take, O take those lips away," etc. (*M. for M.* iv. 1. 1 fol.), and sundry translations from Ovid, evidently not Shakespeare's, were published with the following title:

POEMS: | WRITTEN | BY | WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. | Gent. | Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by *Iohn Benson*, dwelling in | S^t *Dunstans* Church-yard. 1640.

There is an introductory address "To the Reader" by Benson, in which he asserts that the poems are "of the same purity the Authour himselfe then living avouched," and that they will be found "seren, cleere and eligantly plaine." He adds that by bringing them "to the perfect view of all men" he is "glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved Author."

The order of the poems in this volume is followed in the editions of Gildon (1710) and of Sewell (1725 and 1728); also in those published by Ewing (1771) and

Evans (1775). In all these editions the sonnets mentioned above (18, 19, etc.) are omitted, and 138 and 144 are given in the form in which they appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

The first complete reprint of the *Sonnets*, after the edition of 1609, appears to have been in the collected edition of Shakespeare's Poems, published by Lintott in 1709.

The earliest known reference to the *Sonnets* is in the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres, who speaks of them as "his sugred Sonnets among his priuate friends." This was in 1598, and the next year two of them (138 and 144) were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. We do not know that any of the others were published before 1609.

Their History and Interpretation

There are many questions concerning the history and interpretation of the *Sonnets* over which editors, commentators, and critics have wrangled, and over some of which they will doubtless continue to wrangle to the last syllable of recorded time.

I. Was the Edition of 1609 authorized or supervised by Shakespeare? — Some editors have answered the question in the negative, but the reasons given for the decision are far from conclusive. The fact that the dedication is the publisher's, not the author's, has, for instance, been cited; but there are those who tell us that the poet, for certain reasons, chose to hide behind

Master Thorpe. Dowden, who summarizes the entire literature of the subject in the introduction to his larger edition of the *Sonnets*, says "there is reason to believe" that the edition of 1609 had "neither the superintendence nor the consent of the author;" but the only reason he gives for this opinion — and presumably the best he could offer — is that the book, "though not carelessly printed, is far less accurate than the *Venus and Adonis*." That poem and the *Lucrece* are the only works of Shakespeare that he himself appears to have seen through the press. Both are carefully printed for that day, and the *Lucrece* at least, as the variations in copies of the first edition clearly prove, was corrected by the author while on the press. Both, moreover, contain formal dedications signed with his name.

The 1609 edition of the *Sonnets*, on the other hand, abounds in errors of the type, most of which Shakespeare could not have failed to detect if he had supervised the printing. He was pretty certainly in London in 1609, and if he allowed these "sugred sonnets" to be printed at all, he would surely have seen that they were printed well.

The question, however, is definitely settled (as I was the first to point out) by one little peculiarity in the printing of the 126th Sonnet, if sonnet it may be called. It has only twelve lines, and Thorpe (or his editor), assuming that a couplet had been lost, completed the normal fourteen lines by two blank ones enclosed in marks of parenthesis; thus: —

( )
( )

Shakespeare could not have done this, and Thorpe would not have done it if he had been in communication with Shakespeare. In that case he would have asked the poet for the couplet he supposed to be missing, and would have been told that nothing was missing. The piece is not an imperfect sonnet of Shakespeare's pattern, but is made up of six rhymed couplets, and the sense is apparently complete.

There is another fact that may have a bearing upon this question. The final couplet of the 96th Sonnet is the same as that of the 36th. The lines do not fit the later poem as well as they do the earlier one. Possibly, as Dowden suggests, the manuscript of the 96th may have been imperfect, and Thorpe, or his editor, filled it out as well as he could with a couplet from another Sonnet. Of course he would not have done this if the book had been printed with the author's knowledge or consent.

If Shakespeare had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the publication of the *Sonnets*, the fact has some important bearings, as we shall see further on.

II. Are the Sonnets Autobiographical? — Are the *Sonnets*, wholly or in part, autobiographical, or are they merely "poetical exercises" dealing with imaginary persons and experiences? This is the question to which all others relating to the poems are secondary and subordinate.

For myself, I firmly believe that the great majority of the *Sonnets*, to quote what Wordsworth says of them, "express Shakespeare's own feelings in his own person;" or, as he says in his sonnet on the sonnet, "with this same key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." Browning, quoting this, asks: "Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!" to which Swinburne replies, "No whit the less like Shakespeare, but undoubtedly the less like Browning."

The theory that the *Sonnets* are mere exercises of fancy, "the free outcome of a poetic imagination," as Delius phrases it, is easy and specious at first, but lands us at last among worse perplexities than it evades. That Shakespeare, for example, should write seventeen sonnets urging a young man to marry and perpetuate his family is strange enough, but that he should select such a theme as the fictitious basis for seventeen sonnets is stranger yet; and the same may be said of the story or stories apparently underlying other of the poems. Some critics, indeed, who take them to be thus artificially inspired, have been compelled to regard them as "satirical" — intended to ridicule the sonneteers of the time, especially Drayton and Sir John Davies of Hereford. Others, like Professor Minto, who believe the first 126 to be personal, regard the rest as "exercises of skill, undertaken in a spirit of wanton defiance and derision of commonplace." The poems, to quote Dowden, "are in the taste of the time; less extravagant and less full of conceits than many other Elizabethan collec-

tions, more distinguished by exquisite imagination and all that betokens genuine feeling. . . . All that is quaint or contorted or 'conceited' in them can be paralleled from passages of early plays of Shakespeare, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where assuredly no satirical intention is discoverable."

If the *Sonnets* were mostly written before 1598 when Meres refers to them, or 1599 when Jaggard printed two of them, or in 1593 and 1594, as Sidney Lee assumes, and if most of them, as the same critic believes, were "little more than professional trials of skill, often of superlative merit, to which the poet deemed himself challenged by the efforts of contemporary practitioners," it is passing strange that Shakespeare should not have published them ten or fifteen years before they were brought out by the pirate Thorpe. He must have written them for publication if that was their character, and the extraordinary popularity of his earlier poems would have insured them a favourable reception with the public. His fellow-townsman and friend, Richard Field, who had published the *Venus and Adonis* in 1593 and the *Lucrece* in 1594, and who must have known of the circulation of the sonnets in manuscript, would have urged him to publish them; or, if the author had declined to have them printed, some pirate, like Jaggard or Thorpe, would have done it long before 1609. Mr. Lee tells us that Sidney, Watson, Daniel, and Constable circulated their sonnets for a time in manuscript, but he

tells us also that the pirates generally got hold of them and published them within a few years if the authors did not do it. But the history of *The Passionate Pilgrim* shows that it was not so easy to obtain copies of Shakespeare's sonnets for publication. It was the success of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* (the fourth edition of the former being issued in 1599, and the second of the latter in 1598) which prompted Jaggard to compile *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599; and it is a significant fact that he was able to rake together only ten poems which can possibly be Shakespeare's, and three of these were from *Love's Labour 's Lost*, which had been published in 1598. To these ten pieces he added ten others (eleven, as ordinarily printed) which he impudently called Shakespeare's, though we know that most of them were stolen and can trace some of them to the authors. His book bears evidence in its very make-up that he was hard pushed to fill the pages and give the purchaser a tolerable sixpence-worth. The matter is printed on but one side of the leaf, and is further spun out by putting a head-piece and tail-piece on every page, so that a dozen lines of text sandwiched between these convenient pictorial devices make as fair a show as double the quantity would ordinarily present.

Note, however, that, with all his pickings and stealings, Jaggard managed to secure but two of the sonnets, though a considerable number of them were probably in existence among the author's "private friends," as Meres expressed it a year before. The pirate New-

man, in 1591, was able to print one hundred and eight sonnets by Sidney which had been circulated in manuscript, and to add to them twenty-eight by Daniel without the author's knowledge; and sonnets by Watson and Constable, as Mr. Lee tells us, were similarly circulated and pirated. How, then, are we to explain the fact that Jaggard could obtain only two of Shakespeare's sonnets, five years or more after they had been circulating among his friends? Is it not evident that the poems must have been carefully guarded by these friends on account of their personal and private character? A dozen more of those sonnets would have filled out Jaggard's "larcenous bundle of verse," and have obviated the necessity of pilfering from Barnfield, Griffin, Marlowe, and the rest; but at the time they were in such close confidential keeping that he could get no copies of them. In the course of years they were shown to a larger and larger number of "private friends," and with the multiplication of copies the chances of their getting outside of that confidential circle were proportionally increased. We need not be surprised, then, that a decade later somebody had succeeded in obtaining copies of them all, and sold the collection to Thorpe.

Even if we suppose that the *Sonnets* had been impersonal, and that Shakespeare for some reason that we cannot guess had wished to withhold them from the press, we may be sure that he could not have done it in that day of imperfect copyright restrictions. Nothing

could have kept a hundred and fifty poems by so popular an author out of print if there had not been strong personal reasons for maintaining their privacy. At least seven editions of the *Venus and Adonis* and four of the *Lucrece* appeared before Thorpe was able to secure "copy" for his edition of the *Sonnets*.

If, as Mr. Lee asserts, Southampton was the patron to whom twenty that may be called "dedicatory" sonnets (23, 26, 32, 37, 38, 69, 77–86, 100, 101, 103, and 106) are addressed, it is all the more remarkable that Shakespeare should not have published them, or, if he hesitated to do it, that his noble patron should not have urged it. He had already dedicated both the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* to Southampton; and Mr. Lee says that "three of the twenty dedicatory sonnets [26, 32, 38] merely translate into the language of poetry the expressions of devotion which had already done duty in the dedicatory epistle in verse that precedes *Lucrece*." Other sonnet-sequences of the time (including the four mentioned by Mr. Lee as pirated while circulated in manuscript, except Sidney's, which were not thus published until after his death) were brought out by their authors, with dedications to noble lords or ladies. Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, so far as I am aware, are the only exception to the rule.

Mr. Lee himself admits that "at a first glance a far larger proportion of Shakespeare's sonnets give the reader the illusion of personal confessions than those of any contemporary;" and elsewhere he recognizes

in them more "intensity" than appears in the earlier poems except in "occasional utterances" of *Lucrece;* but, for all that, he would have us believe that they are not personal, and that their "superior and more evenly sustained energy is to be attributed, not to the accession of power that comes with increase of years, but to the innate principles of the poetic form, and to metrical exigencies which impelled the sonneteer to aim at a uniform condensation of thought and language." I cannot help agreeing with those who regard their personal character as no "illusion," and who believe that they clearly show the increase of power which comes with years, their true date probably being 1597–98 rather than 1593–94.

For myself, I could as soon believe the penitential psalms of David to be purely rhetorical and fictitious as the 129th Sonnet, than which no more remorseful utterance was ever wrung from a soul that had tasted the ashes to which the Sodom-apples of illicit love are turned in the end. Have we there nothing but the "admirable fooling" of the actor masquerading in the garb of the penitent, or the satirist mimicking the conceits and affectations of the sonneteers of the time? If this is supposed to be the counterfeit of feeling, I can only exclaim with Leonato in *Much Ado*, "O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion!"

III. To whom is the Dedication addressed, and what does it mean? — If Shakespeare had nothing to

do with Thorpe's venture, the dedication is Thorpe's own, as it purports to be. But in what sense was "Mr. W. H.," whoever he may have been, "the onlie begetter" of the *Sonnets?* "Begetter" may mean either the person to whom the poems owed their birth and to whom they were originally addressed, or the one who collected and arranged them for Thorpe. The majority of critics take the word in the former and more familiar sense, while the minority cite examples of the other meaning from writers of the time and argue plausibly for its adoption here. Both explanations have their difficulties, but the first seems on the whole the more probable. The choice between them does not of necessity affect the opinions we may form concerning the origin, the order, or the significance of the *Sonnets*. Who "Mr. W. H." was critics will probably never agree in deciding; but if he was not the editor of the book of 1609, it had an editor about whom we know with certainty neither more nor less than we know about "Mr. W. H."

The vital question concerning the unknown editor is whether he was in the confidence of either the writer of the sonnets or the person or persons to or for whom they were written. If he was not, his arrangement of the poems is not an authoritative one; and that he was not is evident from the fact that he did not, and presumably could not, ask either the author or the addressee of the 126th Sonnet for that supposed lost couplet. Neither author nor addressee having been

privy to the publication of the poems, neither would have assisted the piratical editor or publisher in arranging them for the press.

Dr. Furnivall, in a private note, says he has no doubt that the insertion of the marks of parenthesis "was the printer's doings;" and Mr. Thomas Tyler, in his edition of the *Sonnets* (London, 1890), expresses the same opinion; but it is extremely improbable that the printer would resort to this extraordinary typographical expedient (absolutely unprecedented, so far as my observation goes) without consulting the publisher, and Thorpe would not have consented to it if he could have avoided it. It is clear that printer or publisher, or both, considered that something was evidently wanting which could not be supplied and must be accounted for.

Dr. Furnivall also says that the supposed "editor" is "an imaginary being." He is in no wise essential to the theory. If anybody chooses to regard Thorpe as his own editor, be it so. Whether he arranged the poems as we find them in his edition or somebody else arranged them for him does not matter. In either case, he simply did the work as well as he could from what he knew of the history of the poems or could learn from a study of them.

The editor, as we will call him, though not in the confidence of the persons directly concerned, had evidently become deeply interested in the poems, and spent much time and labour in making a collection of them.

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In the course of the ten years or more previous to 1609, he had gathered in the 154, which he sorted and arranged for publication. Those urging a friend to marry were easily picked out; and this group of seventeen, as the largest — or, perhaps, as that in which the connection would be most obvious to the average reader — he placed first. As to the arrangement of the other groups he had made, he doubtless had his own theory, based, we may suppose, on facts better known or more accessible then than now; but he had not all the information he needed for doing the work with absolute accuracy. After arranging the first 126, or all that he regarded as addressed to "Mr. W. H." or the poet's male friend, he appended those written to the "dark lady," as he supposed — apparently without any attempt at regular order, except in a few small groups readily made up — and, having added the two Cupid sonnets, handed the whole collection to Thorpe for printing.

IV. Are all the Sonnets addressed to two Persons? — It is hardly possible that certain of the sonnets in the second group (127–152) were really addressed to the "dark lady," — 129, for instance, though it may have been suggested by his relations with her, and 146, which seems to be entirely independent of that entanglement.

It is also very doubtful whether certain sonnets in the first group (1–126) properly belong there. Some of them appear to have been addressed to a woman

rather than a man — for instance, 97, 98, 99, etc. Of course everybody familiar with the literature of that time knows, as Dyce remarks, that "it was then not uncommon for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants us in terming them amatory." Many of Shakespeare's sonnets which he addressed to his young friend are of this character, and were it not for internal evidence to the contrary might be supposed to be addressed to a woman. But Sonnets 97, 98, and 99 could hardly have been written to a male friend even in that day. Look at 99, for example: —

"The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from *my love's breath?* The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy *breath;*
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee."

If this sonnet were met with where we had no external evidence that it was addressed to a man, could we have a moment's hesitation in deciding that it must be

addressed to a woman? Even in Elizabethan times, when extravagant eulogies of manly beauty were so common, do we find the poet dwelling upon his "love's breath" or the "lily" whiteness of his hand? From first to last, the sweetness and loveliness described in the verses are unmistakably feminine.

I find a curious parallel to this sonnet in one of Constable's (9th of 1st Decade), published in 1594[1]:—

"My Lady's presence makes the Roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame.
The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became,
And her white hands in them this envy bred.
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spread;
Because the sun's and her power is the same.
The Violet of purple colour came,
Dyed in the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief. All flowers from her their virtue take;
From her sweet breath, their sweet smells do proceed;
The living heat which her eyebeams doth make
Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed.
The rain, wherewith she watereth the flowers,
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers."

Reference to the lily hands and sweet breath of women are frequent in the Elizabethan sonnets, but I have noted nothing of the kind in the sonnets addressed to men.

There are several other of Shakespeare's sonnets in

[1] Whether it was one of the smaller number of Sonnets printed in 1592 I do not know. From its position in the first ten in the *Diana* of 1594 I should infer that it was; but there can be little doubt that it was earlier than Shakespeare's.

this group (1–126) which may or may not be addressed to women; the internal evidence does not settle the question beyond a doubt. Our editor, if he thought of the question (which is unlikely, as it does not appear to have occurred to him in connection with the 99th), gave them the benefit of the doubt and included them in this group.

V. Concerning the Order of the Sonnets. — Moreover, certain sonnets in the first group appear to be out of place, though many of the editors attempt to prove that the order of the series is Shakespeare's own. But if the 70th Sonnet is addressed to the same person as 33–35 (to say nothing of 40–42) it seems to be clearly out of place. Here the poet says: —

> "That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
> For *slander's mark was ever yet the fair;*
> The ornament of beauty is suspect,
> A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
> So thou be good, slander doth but approve
> Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
> For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
> And *thou* present'st a *pure unstained prime.*
> Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
> *Either not assail'd or victor being charg'd;*
> Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise
> To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd."

His friend has been charged with yielding to the seductions of vice, but the accusations are declared to be false and slanderous. He is said to present "a pure unstained prime," having passed through the tempta-

tions of youth either "not assailed" by them or "victor being charged;" but in 33–35 we learn that he *has been* assailed and has *not* come off victorious. There the "stain" and "disgrace" of his "sensual fault" are clearly set forth, though they are excused and forgiven. Here the young man is the victim of slander, but has in no wise deserved it. If he is the same young man who is so plainly, though sadly and tenderly, reproved in 33–35, this sonnet must have been written before those. One broken link spoils the chain; if the order of the poems is wrong here, it may be so elsewhere.

Mr. Tyler's attempt to show that this sonnet is not out of place is a good illustration of the "tricks of desperation" to which a critic may be driven in defence of his theory: "Slander ever fastens on the purest characters. His friend's prime was unstained, such an affair as that with poet's mistress not being regarded, apparently, as involving serious moral blemish. Moreover, there had been forgiveness; and the special reference here may be to some charge of which Mr. W. H. was innocent." Whatever this charge may be, the "pure unstained prime" covers the period referred to in Sonnets 33–35 and 40–42; and the young man's conduct then appeared a "trespass" and a "sin," a "shame" and a "disgrace," to the friend who now, according to Mr. Tyler, sees no "serious moral blemish" in it. Let the reader compare the poems for himself, and draw his own conclusions. Mr. Tyler has the grace to add to what is quoted above: "But (as in

79) Shakespeare can scarcely escape the charge of adulation." Rather than believe William Shakespeare guilty of "adulation" so ineffably base and sycophantic, I could suppose, as some do, that Bacon wrote the *Sonnets*.

Both Furnivall and Dowden, in their exposition of the relation of each sonnet to the story involved in the series, fail to explain this 70th Sonnet satisfactorily. Furnivall's comment, in his analysis of Sonnets 67–70, is this: "Will has mixed with bad company, but Shakespeare is sure he is pure, and excuses him." At this stage of the friendship, then, Shakespeare is "sure" that the young man is "pure;" but in the analysis of Sonnets 33–35, we read: "Will's sensual fault blamed, repented, and forgiven;" and this "fault," as the context explains, is taking away Shakespeare's mistress. There can be no doubt as to the fact and the nature of the sin mourned and condemned in the earlier sonnets; nor can there be any question that the later sonnet congratulates the youth to whom it is addressed, not on having repented after yielding to temptation, but on having either escaped or resisted all such temptations. If this youth and the other youth are one and the same, the sonnets cannot be in chronological order.

Dowden, in like manner, infers from the earlier sonnets that "Will" has been "false to friendship," and that the only excuse that Shakespeare can offer for him is that "he is but a boy whom a woman has be-

guiled;" but in the 70th Sonnet the poet says that the charges of loose living brought against his friend "must be slanders." Dowden cannot mean that this sonnet is a friendly attempt to apologize for Will's disgrace after the poet has forgiven him. We have that in Sonnets 35, 36, 40, 41, and 42, where Elizabethan conceits are racked to the uttermost to excuse both his friend and his mistress for playing him false; but, in 70 his friend is "pure," though he cannot escape slander, "unstained," though envy would fain besmirch him.

Mr. Gollancz, in the "Temple" edition of the *Sonnets*, after quoting what I say in my former edition (as here) to prove that 70 is out of place, simply repeats Tyler's attempt to prove the contrary. "Surely," he says, "the faults referred to in the earlier sonnets are not only forgiven, but here [in 70] imputed to slander." This is an evasion of my argument. That the sin was forgiven is obvious; but the latter sonnet says that the sin was never committed, and it therefore needed no forgiveness. How lightly such lapses were regarded in the olden time we all know; but in this case the treason to friendship was added, and the earlier sonnets show that Shakespeare did not regard the double sin as "involving no serious moral blemish."

The critics who believe the *Sonnets* to be autobiographical generally agree in assuming that all of them (or all but two) are either addressed to one man and one woman, or connected with the poet's relations with

those two persons. Is it not probable, on the face of it, that a poet who "unlocked his heart" to such an extent in this form of verse would occasionally, if not often, have employed it in expressing his feelings towards other friends or with reference to other experiences? Is it likely that the two Cupid sonnets (153, 154) and the Venus and Adonis sonnets in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (if we believe those to be Shakespeare's — which is extremely improbable) and the sonnets in *Love's Labour's Lost* are his only efforts in this kind of composition outside of this great series? Is it not far more probable that some sonnets in this series really have no connection with the persons and events supposed to be directly connected with the series?

VI. Who was "Mr. W. H."? — If we assume that the *Sonnets* are autobiographical, and that all, or nearly all, are addressed to two persons — a young man beloved of the poet, and the "dark lady," with whom they were both entangled — can these persons be identified? The majority of the critics who accept the personal theory assume that the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication was this young man, rather than the collector or editor of the poems.

The only theories concerning the young man (whether "Mr. W. H." or not) that are worthy of serious consideration are that he was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, or that he was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

As early as 1819 Mr. B. H. Bright suggested that Herbert was the man, and this theory has steadily gained favour with biographers and critics. The editor of the "Temple" edition, who accepts the Southampton theory, writing a few years ago, believed that the Herbert theory was "in the ascendant." He added: "Many a former ally of Southampton has rallied round the banner unfurled by Herbert's redoubtable champion, Mr. Thomas Tyler." But more recently (in 1897) Sidney Lee, who had been on the side of Herbert, has now (in his article on Shakespeare in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and in his *Life of Shakespeare*) gone over to the Southampton party; and Mrs. Stopes and one or two other recent writers have also joined that faction.

William Herbert was born April 8th, 1580; and in the spring of 1598 he came to reside in London. He was brilliant, accomplished, and licentious; "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man in London" (Clarendon). To him and his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery, as two patrons of the dramatist, Heminge and Condell dedicated the folio of 1623. The "Herbertists" assign the *Sonnets* to the years 1597–1601. The most serious objection to regarding him as "Mr. W. H." (or the person addressed in the *Sonnets*) was the improbability that the poet would write seventeen sonnets to urge a youth of seventeen or eighteen to marry; but Mr. Tyler discovered, from letters preserved in the Record Office, that in 1597 the parents of

William Herbert were engaged in negotiations for his marriage to Bridget Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. The course of the parental match-making ran smooth for a while, but was soon checked by obstacles not clearly explained in the correspondence. Shakespeare may have written the seventeen sonnets at the request of Herbert's mother, the Countess of Pembroke.

It is a curious fact that Grant White, in his first edition of Shakespeare (1865) had said of Sonnets 1–17: "There seems to be no imaginable reason for seventeen such poetical petitions. But that a mother should be thus solicitous is not strange, or that she should long to see the beautiful children of her own beautiful offspring. The desire for grandchildren, and the love of them, seem sometimes even stronger than parental yearning. But I hazard this conjecture with little confidence."

Mr. Tyler also attempted to prove that the "dark lady" was Mary Fitton, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and mistress of Herbert, by whom she had a child in 1601. The Queen could not overlook the offence, and sent the father to the Fleet Prison. He was soon released, but appears never to have regained the royal favour.

There is no direct evidence to connect Shakespeare with Mistress Fitton; but we find that she was on somewhat intimate terms with a member of his theatrical company, that is, the Lord Chamberlain's Company, and was probably acquainted with other members

of it. In 1600 William Kemp, the clown in the company, dedicated his *Nine daies wonder* to "Mistris Anne Fitton, Mayde of Honour to most sacred Mayde, Royal Queene Elizabeth." As Elizabeth certainly had no maid of honour named *Anne* Fitton in 1600, while *Mary* Fitton held such office from 1595 to 1601, either Kemp or his printer probably made a mistake in the lady's Christian name in the dedication. As Mr. Tyler suggests, the form "Marie" might be so written as to be easily mistaken for "Anne." Mary had a sister Anne, who was married to John Newdigate on the 30th of April, 1587, and who could not, therefore, have been maid of honour in 1600.

A statue of Mary Fitton exists as a part of the family monument in Gawsworth Church, Cheshire; and the remnants of colour upon it were thought by Mr. Tyler (as by others who have seen it) to indicate that she was of dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, like the lady of the second series of the *Sonnets*. But Lady Newdigate-Newdegate (*Gossip from a Muniment Room*, 1898) states that two portraits of Mary represent her as of fair complexion, with brown hair and gray eyes.

It is a point in favour of the Herbert theory that Sonnets 135, 136, and 143 indicate that the person to whom the poems in the other series were addressed was called "Will;" but Mr. Lee considers that "Will" in these sonnets is only a play on Shakespeare's own name and the lady's "will." It is true that such quibbles on "Will" are found elsewhere in his works, but it is

doubtful whether any one but a "Southamptonite" would see them in these sonnets.

Henry Wriothesley was born October 6th, 1573. As we have seen, the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* were both dedicated to him, and tradition says that he was a generous patron of the poet. In September, 1595, he fell in love with Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of the Earl of Essex. This lost him the favour of the Queen and involved him in serious troubles. In 1598 he secretly married Elizabeth Vernon. On account of his connection with the rebellion of Essex he was condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He was pardoned in 1603 when James came to the throne, and the 107th Sonnet is supposed by Mr. Gerald Massey to be Shakespeare's congratulation upon his release from prison and restoration to royal favour. The initials in "Mr. W. H.," according to some of the critics who identify him with Southampton, are those of Henry Wriothesley transposed as a "blind."

When Southampton was seventeen (1590) he was urged by Burghley to marry his granddaughter, Lady Elizabeth Vere, a daughter of the Earl of Oxford, but the youth declined the alliance. If the *Sonnets* were addressed to him, the first seventeen could hardly have been written at this time (which is earlier than any date assumed for the poems), but the efforts of his friends to find him a wife continued for several years afterwards.

While Mr. Lee believes that such of the *Sonnets* as are personal in their character are addressed to Southampton, he does not understand that nobleman to be the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication. He says: "No peer of the day bore a name that could be represented by the initials 'Mr. W. H.' . . . The Earl of Pembroke was, from his birth to the date of his succession to the earldom in 1601, known by the courtesy title of Lord Herbert, and by no other name, and he could not have been designated at any period of his life by the symbols 'Mr. W. H.'" This may be admitted, but it does not prove that the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication was not *meant* to refer ambiguously to him. If Thorpe knew the history of the *Sonnets*, and that both the author and the person to whom they were addressed did not wish to have them printed, he certainly would not venture to inscribe the book in distinct terms to the Earl of Pembroke; but he might be inclined to give an indirect hint to those who were acquainted with the story underlying the poems that he also knew of the Earl's connection with it. He could do this with perfect safety by using the initials "W. H." which, as Mr. Lee elsewhere remarks, were common to many names, and which therefore could not be *proved* to be meant to suggest "William Herbert."

But after all it matters little whether "W. H." was meant for "William Herbert" or "Henry Wriothesley," so far as either the Herbert or the Southampton theory is concerned. In either case they might refer to the

"begetter" of the poems as the collector or editor, though the other interpretation of "begetter" seems to accord better with the rest of the dedication. Mr. Lee thinks that Mr. W. H. is "best identified with a stationer's assistant, William Hall, who was professionally engaged, like Thorpe, in procuring 'copy,'" and who, in 1606, "won a conspicuous success in that direction, and conducted his operations under cover of the familiar initials." Thorpe "gave Hall's initials only because he was an intimate associate who was known by those initials to their common circle of friends." But, though Thorpe was "bombastic" in his dedications, and might wish to Hall "all happiness" and even "eternitie," it is unlikely that he would wish him that "eternitie promised by our ever-living poet." Promised to whom? Mr. Lee refers it to the eternity that Shakespeare in the *Sonnets* "conventionally foretold for his own verse;" but this interpretation is a desperate attempt to force the expression into consistency with his theory. The words plainly mean "promised in the *Sonnets* to the person to whom they are addressed." This promise is far more prominent in the *Sonnets* than that of their own immortality, which, indeed, is made dependent on the enduring fame of the youth who is their theme and inspirer.

If it were proved beyond a doubt that "Mr. W. H." was William Hall, or some other person who secured the *Sonnets* for Thorpe, I should none the less believe that Herbert rather than Southampton was their

"patron" and subject. The only facts worth mentioning in favour of Southampton are that the earlier poems were dedicated to him, and that certain personal allusions in the *Sonnets* can be made to refer to him if we suppose them to have been written some four years before their more probable date. But Mr. Lee himself admits that these allusions are equally applicable to Herbert. "Both," he says, "enjoyed wealth and rank, both were regarded by admirers as cultivated, both were self-indulgent in their relations with women, and both in early manhood were indisposed to marry, owing to habits of gallantry." It may be added that both were noted for personal beauty, though Mr. Lee thinks that Francis Davison's reference to the beauty of Herbert in a sonnet addressed to him in 1602 is "cautiously qualified" in the lines: —

> "[His] outward shape, though it most lovely be,
> Doth in fair robes a fairer soul attire."

Anybody who had not a theory to defend would see that the eulogy of the "fairer soul" enhances instead of "qualifying" the compliment to the "most lovely" person. This is a good illustration of Mr. Lee's perverse twisting of quotations for the purposes of his argument. He even finds a reference to Southampton's long hair (shown in his portrait) in the 68th Sonnet, where Shakespeare "points to the youth's face as a map of what beauty was 'without all ornament, itself and true,' before fashion sanctioned the use of artificial

'golden tresses'" — though this is only one out of several illustrations of the poet's antipathy to false hair. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 258, *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 95, and *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 144.

VII. The Date of the Sonnets. — One of the most serious objections to the Southampton theory is the necessity which it involves of fixing the date of the poems as early as 1592 or 1593. That period of Shakespeare's career is so crowded with work, dramatic and poetic, that it is quite impossible to add anything more to it. If he did not begin authorship until 1590 (as is generally assumed, though a few critics believe it may have been as early as 1588 or 1589) the period of his literary apprenticeship covers only four (or at most six) years or to the end of 1594; and during this time he revised more or less thoroughly *Titus Andronicus* and the three parts of *Henry VI.*, and wrote at least seven original plays — *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard III.*, and *Richard II.* The two long poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, also belong to this period. To all this some critics (Mr. Lee among them) would add *King John* and *The Merchant of Venice*. And all this time Shakespeare was actively engaged in his profession as an actor. Is it conceivable that before the end of 1594, in addition to all this work, he could have produced the *Sonnets*, most of which Mr. Lee assumes to have been written between the spring of 1593 and the autumn of

1594? Personally, I believe that *King John* cannot be dated earlier than 1595 or *The Merchant of Venice* than 1596 or 1597, and yet the literary productivity of the preceding period, which must include all the other plays and poems mentioned, seems to me prodigious.

There are difficulties, it is true, according to some of the critics, in fixing the date of the *Sonnets* as required by the Herbert theory. The earliest of them cannot be supposed to have been written before 1597, when Herbert's friends desired that he should marry Bridget Vere; and it has been assumed that the rest, or the great majority of them, must have been written before Jaggard printed the 144th Sonnet in 1599, because, it is said, that sonnet proves that the intrigue with the "dark lady" had come to an end. But, though no critic appears to have pointed it out, this is clearly a misinterpretation of that sonnet, which, instead of marking the end of the story, really belongs to a comparatively early stage of it. The sonnet, which it is well to quote here in order to bring it directly before the eye of the reader, is as follows:—

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend

Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

This certainly refers to the period indicated in Sonnets 33–35, at the latest. The poet says that the woman "tempteth" (not, has succeeded in seducing) his friend. She "would corrupt" him, but whether she has actually done it, he adds, "*Suspect* I may, yet not directly tell," and "I *guess* one angel in another's hell;" but he does not "know" this, and will "live in doubt" until the affair comes to an end. But in Sonnets 34 and 35 he had no doubt that the "woman coloured ill" had corrupted his "better angel." He endeavours to excuse the "sensual fault" of his friend; but in the next sonnet he decides that

"We two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one."

They cannot wholly cease to love each other, but "a separable spite" ("a cruel fate that spitefully separates us from each other," as Malone paraphrases it) must put an end to their friendly intercourse. In Sonnets 40–42 he recurs to the "robbery" his friend has committed; and laments, not only the loss of his mistress, but that of his friend:—

"That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;

That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly."

Is it not evident that Sonnet 144, with its suspicions and doubts and guesses, was written before rather than after 33–35 and 40–42, where the same facts are treated *as* facts well established, and thoroughly recognized as such by all the parties interested?

It is not necessary, then, to assume that all or most of the *Sonnets* were written before 1599, when *The Passionate Pilgrim* was published. Perhaps comparatively few were then in existence; and this may be one of the reasons why Jaggard was unable to get more of them for his sixpenny booklet. It would be easier to keep thirty or forty out of his reach among the poet's "private friends" than a hundred and fifty; and Meres may not have had even as many as thirty in mind when he referred to the "sugred sonnets," in 1598. The others may have been scattered through several years after 1599; and some of those which seem independent of the regular series may have been written only a few years before the whole collection was published in 1609.

Mr. Lee dates some of the sonnets much later than 1593–94. He believes, for instance, with Mr. Gerald Massey (*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, 1866), that the 107th was written in 1603, and refers to the death of Elizabeth and the release of Southampton from prison on the accession of James. "The mortal moon" of the sonnet is Elizabeth, whose "recognized poetic appellation"

was Cynthia (the moon); and her death is more than once described as an eclipse. But the sonnet tells us that the moon "hath her eclipse *endured*" and come out none the less bright — which could hardly refer to death; and the supposed allusion to the imprisonment of the poet's friend is extremely fanciful.

It may be added that Shakespeare's references to himself in the *Sonnets* as "old" appear to have a bearing on their date, and thus upon the question whether Herbert or Southampton was the person addressed. Thirty or more of them were written before 1599, when the poet was thirty-five years old, and the first seventeen appear to have been written in 1597, when he was only thirty-three; but in the 22d, which seems to be one of the earlier ones, he intimates that he is already old: —

> "My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
> So long as youth and thou are of one date;"

but in the preceding sonnets he has repeatedly admonished his young friend that the summer of youth is fast flying, and has urged this as a reason why he should marry; "for," he says in substance, "you will soon be old, as I am." In the 73d we have a most beautiful and pathetic description of his own autumnal age: —

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

In the 138th, which was published in 1599, he refers to himself as "old" and his days as "past the best." We are told that here, as in some of the earlier sonnets, he is comparing himself, as a mature and experienced man, with a green youth of perhaps twenty. Thus in the 62d Sonnet, after referring to his own face as he sees it in the glass, "Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity," he adds that he comforts himself by "Painting my age with beauty of thy days." But in the 73d there is no contrast of his own age with that of his young friend, but a long-drawn and apparently heartfelt lament that his life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. Mr. Lee says that this "occasional reference to his growing age was a conventional device — traceable to Petrarch — of all sonneteers of the day, and admits of no literal interpretation." If the *Sonnets* were of the ordinary conventional Elizabethan type, poetical exercises on fictitious themes, we might think the "growing age" equally fictitious; but William Shakespeare, at twenty-nine or thirty (as Mr. Lee imagines him to have been when he wrote these sonnets), or even at thirty-five, was not the man to indulge in such sentimental foolery — least of all through an entire sonnet — when dealing with real experiences like those which form the basis of these poems.

However that may be, a man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine (as Shakespeare was in 1592 or 1593) writing to one of nineteen or twenty (as Southampton was in those years) would be less likely to assume that

fictitiously exaggerated age than a man of thirty-three or thirty-four (in 1597 or 1598) writing to a youth of seventeen or eighteen, as Herbert then was.

VIII. Who was the "Rival Poet"? — Among the minor questions relating to the *Sonnets* which have been the subject of no little controversy the only one that seems to claim notice here is the identity of the "rival poet" of Sonnets 79–86. Spenser, Marlowe, Drayton, Nash, Daniel, and others have been suggested by the critics, and Mr. Lee adds Barnabe Barnes, "a poetic panegyrist of Southampton and a prolific sonneteer, who was deemed by contemporary critics certain to prove a great poet." On the whole, Chapman, whom Professor Minto was the first to suggest, and whom Dowden, Furnivall, and many others have endorsed, is most likely to have been the poet whom Shakespeare had in mind. Mr. Lee, having dated the *Sonnets* in 1592 and 1593, naturally objects that Chapman had produced no conspicuously "great verse" until 1598, and that we find no complimentary sonnet addressed by him to Southampton until 1610; but he had published poetry before 1598, and that date is early enough for the Herbert theory, in which, of course, the failure to praise Southampton does not count. The question, nevertheless, is one that cannot be definitely settled.

IX. Other Theories of the Sonnets. — Besides the autobiographical theories concerning the *Sonnets* many others, allegorical, mystical, and fantastical, have

been proposed, which it would take too much space even to enumerate here; neither is it possible to make more than a passing reference to the notions that "Mr. W. H." was William Hart, the poet's nephew (who was not born until a year after *The Passionate Pilgrim* was printed, and was only nine years old in 1609), William Hughes (on the strength of the capitalized and italicized *Hues* in the 20th Sonnet), "William Himself" (a German notion, revived by Mr. Parke Godwin in 1901), or Queen Elizabeth; or that the poems are addressed to Ideal Manhood, or the Spirit of Beauty, or the Reason, or the Divine Logos; or that the "dark lady" is Dramatic Art, or the Catholic Church, or the Bride of the Canticles, "black but comely."[1]

X. Conclusions. — It would be interesting, if space permitted, to consider the *Sonnets* as *poems* — to note the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of their verse, not unmixed with most sonorous music, and what Coleridge has aptly called their "boundless fertility and laboured condensation of thought;" or to view them, in the words of Furnivall, "as a piece of music, or as Shakespeare's pathetic sonata, each melody introduced, dropped again, brought in again with variations, but one full strain of undying love and friendship running through the whole;" but I can only close with a summing up of what I have attempted to prove: —

[1] For some account of the "Baconian" theories see the *Appendix*.

(1) That the *Sonnets* were not edited by Shakespeare, but by some anonymous collector, who did not, and obviously could not, ask the poet or the persons to whom they were addressed for aid in settling a textual question.

(2) That the arrangement of the *Sonnets* in the edition of 1609 was therefore not authoritative, but simply the best conjectural one that the collector could make, from a study of the poems and what he knew of their history; and there is, moreover, internal evidence that the order is not strictly chronological.

(3) That the great majority of the *Sonnets* are probably personal, or autobiographical, and were not intended for publication; but it is not probable that the first 126 (or such of these as are personal) are all addressed to one man, and the rest to one woman, with whom Shakespeare and that man were entangled.

(4) That "Mr. W. H." was probably the person to whom the *Sonnets* are addressed, rather than the one who collected and edited them; and that, if so, he was probably William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; but the "dark lady," to whom most of the second series (127–152) were addressed, cannot be positively identified.

(5) That while the majority of the *Sonnets* were probably written between 1597 and 1601, some of them, particularly those which are not connected with the main story, may be of later date.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. ENSVING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T T

HEAD OF EROS (FROM THE ANTIQUE)

SONNETS

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory;
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou, that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held;
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another,
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives the executor to be.

V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;

For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where.
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer ere thou be distill'd.
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one.
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee;
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way;
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest unless thou get a son

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,

Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife:
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murtherous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murtherous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay.
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish.
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,

When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white,
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live;
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, or dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find.
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate, —
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit;
So should the lines of life that life repair
Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,

The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song;
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, — in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;

Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ!
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art, —
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd;
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit;
Duty so great which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it,
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd,
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind when body's work 's expir'd;
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd:
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven;
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,

Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye

As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone;
  Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
  And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
  But since he died and poets better prove,
  Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow,
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace.
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss.
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done;
Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud,
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense —
Thy adverse party is thy advocate —
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one;
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,

Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name.
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store.
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have, then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;

For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woqes what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.
But here's the joy: my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,

When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,

My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy; but then, no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie, —
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes, —
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part;
As thus: mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee,
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity, —
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee.
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,

Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind, —
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
In winged speed no motion shall I know.
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh — no dull flesh — in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade :
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I 'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,

Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new.
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might.
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,

But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury!
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,

Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn,
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he 's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring —
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life ;
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age,
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage,
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store, —
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry, —
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill;
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad!

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,

Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd,
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds;
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd or victor being charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd;
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,

Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you!
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented ; when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee :
The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument,
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee;

In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be,
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,

My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up aloft,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wrack'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this, — my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook

The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say ''T is so, 't is true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;

But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate.
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?

The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory.
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For, bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence ;

Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt, — if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse,
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost.
Of more delight than hawks or horses be,
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast;
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend;
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new,
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place;
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;

They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,

Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease.
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;

A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath,
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?

Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?'
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more week in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my muse brings forth,
That, having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;

So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceiv'd,
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true' have often liv'd alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,

I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing,
For we which now behold these present days
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What 's in the brain that ink may character
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?

What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely, but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end;
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;

No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch.

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up.
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup;
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But, reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things,
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd

And brought to medicine a healthful state
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time,

And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing;
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own.
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown,
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,

Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity,
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more.
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change!
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be:
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls.
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,

Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass his fickle hour,
Who hast by waning grown and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st,
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure;
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or, if it were, it bore not beauty's name,
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,

But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem;
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action lust

Is perjur'd, murtherous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof and, prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare!

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain;
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart

To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part!
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd.
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol.
And yet thou wilt, for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still.
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;

He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me ;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus ;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store ;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart!
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside;
What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,

And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not so, but since I am near slain
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so,
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee.
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,

Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone.
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be.
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving!
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee;
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,

Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind.
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind;
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell;
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate'
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet.
'I hate' she alter'd with an end
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Press'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?

If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no.
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lower'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?

To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state!
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove;
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason.
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most,
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost;
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair — more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground,
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.

But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire — my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove, —
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

NOTES

THE references to "Palgrave" in the Notes are to F. T. Palgrave's edition of *Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets* (London, 1879); those to "Verity" are to Mr. A. W. Verity's notes on the *Sonnets* in the "Henry Irving" edition of *Shakespeare;* and those to "Herford" are to Prof. C. H. Herford's "Eversley" edition of *Shakespeare.* For the editions of Gildon, Sewell, and Lintott, which are occasionally quoted on textual variations, see pp. 10, 11 above. The references to "Walker" are to William Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare's Plays* (London, 1860). For those to Dowden, Tyler, and Wyndham, see the Preface. Those to the "standard" editors of Shakespeare (Malone, Steevens, Johnson, Knight, Dyce, Grant, White, Hudson, and others) need no explanation.

SONNET CLIV

NOTES

THE METRE. — The *metre* of the *Sonnets* is the regular ten-syllable iambic form used in the plays, except in 145, where it is octosyllabic. The rhymes do not follow the Italian (or "Petrarchan") model, but are arranged in four quatrains with an added

couplet. This arrangement, which some assume to have been taken from Daniel, appears to have been due to Surrey, being found in some of his sonnets printed in *Tottel's Miscellany*, and written many years earlier than the publication of that anthology in 1557.

THE DEDICATION. — *The only begetter.* Boswell remarks : "The *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix* : 'I have some cousin-germans at court shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels.' W. H. was probably one of the friends to whom Shakespeare's 'sugred sonnets,' as they are termed by Meres, had been communicated, and who furnished the printer with copy." See, however, p. 20 above. White says : "This dedication is not written in the common phraseology of its period ; it is throughout a piece of affectation and elaborate quaintness, in which the then antiquated prefix *be-* might be expected to occur ; *beget* being used for *get*, as Wiclif uses *betook* for *took* in *Mark*, xv. 1 : 'And ledden him and betoken him to Pilate.'"

I

As Boswell and Boaden note, this and the following sonnets are only an expansion of *V. and A.* 169–174 : "Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed," etc.

"Herr Krauss (*Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, 1881) cites, as a parallel to the arguments in favour of marriage in these sonnets, the versified dialogue between Geron and Histor at the close of Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii" (Dowden).

2. *Rose.* In the quarto the word is printed in italics and with a capital. See on 20. 7 below.

5. *Contracted.* Betrothed ; as often in the plays. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 268, *M. for M.* v. 1. 330, etc. Tyler explains it as meaning, "Not having given extension to thyself by offspring."

6. *Self-substantial fuel.* "Fuel of the substance of the flame itself" (Dowden). "You feed your sight on the sight of yourself" (Wyndham).

7. *Where abundance lies.* "That is, potentially" (Tyler).

10. *Gaudy.* Gay and showy; with no disparaging sense. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 812: "Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love."

12. *Mak'st waste in niggarding.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 223: —

> "*Benvolio.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
> *Romeo.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste."

13. *Pity the world*, etc. "Pity the world, or else be a glutton, devouring the world's due, by means of the grave (which will else swallow your beauty — cf. *Sonn.* 77. 6) and of yourself, who refuse to beget offspring" (Dowden). Steevens conjectured "be thy grave and thee" = "be at once thyself and thy grave."

14. *The world's due.* The perpetuation of the friend's beauty. If he has no children, the grave will consume not only his own body but his hope of posterity.

II

1. *Forty.* Schmidt puts this passage among those in which *forty* is used for "an indefinite number" (as often); but the context shows that it has distinct reference to age. Cf. p. 41 above.

4. *Tatter'd.* The quarto (the ed. of 1609) has "totter'd," as in 26. 11 below. The early eds. have *tottered* (= *tattered*) in several other places; as *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 52, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 37, and *K. John*, v. 5. 7 (*tottering*). *Weed* (= garment) occurs often in S.

7. *Within thine own deep sunken eyes.* Only in your aged self.

8. *Thriftless.* Unprofitable; as in *T. N.* ii. 2. 40: "What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!"

11. *Shall sum my count*, etc. Shall square my account, and be my excuse when I am old. Wyndham thinks that *make my old excuse* is "obscure," but it does not seem so to me.

III

W. M. Rossetti (*Lives of Famous Poets*, 1877), who accepts the "personal" theory, is inclined to identify the youth to whom this

sonnet is addressed rather with Pembroke than Southampton, because the former was very like his mother.

5. *Unear'd.* Unploughed; used by S. only here; but *ear* (= till, plough) occurs in *A. W.* i. 3. 47, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 212, *A. and C.* i. 2. 115, i. 4. 49, and *V. and A.* (dedication). For the figure, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 233: "He plough'd her, and she cropp'd." Steevens quotes *M. for M.* i. 4. 43. White aptly remarks that the expression is "the converse of the common metaphor 'virgin soil.'"

7. *Fond.* Foolish; the usual meaning in S. For the passage, Malone compares *V. and A.* 757–761.

9. *Thy mother's glass*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 1758, where Lucretius says: —

> "Poor broken glass, I often did behold
> In thy sweet semblance my old age new born."

10. *April.* This indicates that the friend is in the springtime of life. Minto says that lines 9, 10 suit the Countess of Pembroke.

11. *Windows of thine age.* Malone quotes *L. C.* 14: "Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age."

13. *But if*, etc. But if you mean to be forgotten in time to come, etc.

Live. Capell conjectures "love."

IV

3. *Nature's bequest*, etc. Dowden quotes *M. for M.* i. 1. 36: —

> "Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence
> But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,
> Both thanks and use."

Steevens compares Milton, *Comus*, 679: —

> "Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
> And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
> For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?

But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms."

See also *Id.* 720–727.

4. *Free.* Liberal, bountiful. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 100 : "His heart and hand both open and both free," etc.

8. *Live.* Subsist. By *traffic with thyself alone* it is impossible to get a living. The miser, who hoards his money instead of putting it out at interest, is a *profitless usurer.*

10. *Thou of thyself*, etc. You cheat yourself of continued existence.

12. *Audit.* Printed in italics and with a capital in the quarto. See on 1. 2 above. *Acceptable* (note the accent) is used by S. nowhere else. *Acceptable audit* = satisfactory settlement of your debt to Nature.

14. *The executor.* Malone reads "thy executor" (the conjecture of Capell).

V

"In *Sonn.* 5 and 6, youth and age are compared to the seasons of the year ; in 7, they are compared to morning and evening, the seasons of the day" (Dowden).

1. *Hours.* A dissyllable ; as often. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 91, v. 1. 4, etc. Here the quarto has "howers."

2. *Gaze.* Object gazed at ; as in *Mach.* v. 8. 24 : "Live to be the show and gaze o' the time."

3. *The tyrants.* The merciless destroyers.

4. *And that unfair*, etc. "And render that which was once beautiful no longer fair" (Malone). *Unfair* is the only instance of the verb (or the word) in S. Cf. *fairing* in 127. 6 below.

6. *Confounds.* Destroys. Cf. 8. 7, 60. 8, 64. 10, and 69. 7.

8. *Bareness.* Cf. 97. 4 below.

9. *Distillation.* Perfumes distilled from flowers. Cf. *Sonn.* 54 and *M. N. D.* i. 1. 76 : "Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd," etc.

See also 119. 2, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 5, *T. and C.* i. 3. 350, etc. The figure is a favourite one with S.

11. *Bereft.* Taken away, lost. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 40 : "to see like right bereft," etc. *Beauty's effect* = the perfume which perpetuates the memory of the beauty of the rose.

14. *Leese.* Lose. Dowden notes that the word occurs in 1 *Kings*, xviii. 5, in the ed. of 1611 (*lose* in modern eds.). S. has it only here. It occurs often in Chaucer.

VI

"This sonnet carries on the thoughts of 4 and 5 — the distilling of perfumes from the former, and the interest paid on money from the latter" (Dowden).

1. *Ragged.* Rugged, rough. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 15, etc.

5. *Use.* Interest. Cf. *V. and A.* 768 : "But gold that 's put to use more gold begets ;" and see also 134. 10 below.

6. *Happies.* Makes happy ; the only instance of the verb in S.

13. *Self-will'd.* Delius conjectures "self-kill'd."

VII

5. *Steep-up.* The word occurs also in *P. P.* 121 (probably not Shakespeare's). *Steep-down* he uses only in *Oth.* v. 2. 280.

7. *Yet mortal looks adore,* etc. Malone quotes *R. and J.* i. 1. 125 :

> "Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peer'd forth the golden window of the east."

10. *Reeleth.* Dowden quotes *R. and J.* ii. 3. 3 : —

> "And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
> From forth day's path."

Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 29 : "The weary sun" (at setting).

11. *Fore.* So in the quarto, as regularly in the early eds. ; "'fore" in the modern eds. *Converted* = turned away ; as in 11. 4 below. On the passage, Dowden compares *T. of A.* i. 2. 150 : "Men shut their doors against a setting sun."

12. *Tract.* Track ; as in *T. of A.* i. 1. 50 : "leaving no track behind."

13. *Out-going in thy noon.* Not referring to death, as *outgoing* might seem at first to suggest, but to the "decline of life," as we say, which is compared to the decline of the sun after reaching the meridian.

VIII

1. *Music to hear.* Thou, to hear whom is music. Malone thought S. might have written "Music to ear" = "Thou whose every accent is music to the ear." For the personal use, cf. *Sonn.* 128. 1 : "thou, my music."

5–14. For the figurative allusion to musical harmony, cf. *R. of L.* 1131 fol.

7. *Confounds.* Dost waste or destroy. See on 5. 6 above.

9–12. *Mark how one string*, etc. This comparison of musical harmony to a happy family singing together is one of the most beautiful of Shakespeare's many beautiful references to music — and to domestic happiness as well. It is a figure that "works both ways." For the figure in *married*, cf. 82. 1, *T. and C.* i. 3. 100, *R. and J.* i. 3. 83, etc.

14. *Wilt prove none.* Perhaps, as Dowden suggests, an allusion to the proverbial expression that "one is no number." Cf. 136. 8 : "Among a number one is reckon'd none." The meaning seems to be that, "since many make but one, one will prove also less than itself, that is, will prove none." Wyndham quotes Marlowe, *Hero and Leander* : —

> "One is no number; maids are nothing, then,
> Without the sweet society of men."

IX

4. *Makeless.* Without a *make*, or mate ; used by S. only here. For *make*, cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 11. 2 : "That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make ;" *Id.* iv. 2. 30 : "And each not farre be-

hinde him had his make," etc. In Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, the Host forms a hieroglyphic to express the proverb, "A heavy purse makes a light heart," which he interprets thus : —

> "There 't is exprest! first, by a purse of gold,
> *A heavy purse*, and then two turtles, *makes*,
> A heart with a light stuck in 't, *a light heart*."

7. *Private.* Opposed to the idea of *general* implied in *the world* above.

9. *Unthrift.* Prodigal ; as in 13. 13 below. In *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 122, the only other instance of the noun in S., it is = good-for-nothing.

10. *His.* Its ; referring to *what.*

12. *The user.* The one having the *use* of it, the possessor.

X

1. *For shame*, etc. For very shame, etc. Many eds. print "For shame !" The meaning is the same, but the rhythm is marred.

6. *Stick'st.* Dost hesitate or scruple ; always followed by an infinitive. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 127, *Cor.* ii. 3. 17, *Ham.* iv. 5. 93, etc.

7. *Ruinate*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 944 : "To ruinate proud buildings," etc. The meaning is, "seeking to bring to ruin that house (that is, family) which it ought to be your chief care to repair." Dowden adds : "These lines confirm the conjecture that the father of Shakspere's friend was dead." Cf. 13. 9–14 below. Dowden elsewhere refers to this as an objection to the Herbert theory, as Herbert's father lived until 1601, while Southampton's father died when his son was a boy. But "you had a father," etc., in *Sonn.* 13 clearly means, "As you had a father, become a father yourself." For the figure, cf. also 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 83 and *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 9.

9. *Thy thought.* Thy purpose of not marrying.

XI

1. *As fast as thou shalt wane*, etc. This has been called "obscure," but it is so only at first sight. The meaning is : If you have children, as fast as you grow old you renew in your offspring (*in one of thine*) the youth you have lost ; thus, as it were, *growing* afresh *from that* (youth) *which thou departest* from. The omission of a preposition is common in a relative clause if it occurs in the antecedent clause. Possibly *departest* may be transitive, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 91 : "Depart the chamber," etc.

4. *Convertest.* Dost turn away. Cf. 7. 11 above and 14. 12 below. Note the rhyme with *departest*, and see also 14. 12, 17. 2, 49. 10, and 72. 6 below.

7. *The times.* "The generations of men" (Dowden).

9. *For store.* "To be preserved for *use*" (Malone). Schmidt makes *store* = "increase of men, fertility, population."

11. *Look, whom she best endow'd*, etc. To whom she gave much she gave more ; that is, the power of procreation. Cf. *Matthew*, xiii. 12 : "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." Some editors read, "gave thee more ;" making *whom she best endow'd* = "however liberal she may have been to others" (Malone).

14. *Not let that copy die.* Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 261 :

> "Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy."

XII

2. *Brave.* Beautiful. Cf. 15. 8 below. See also *Ham.* ii. 2. 312 : "this brave o'erhanging firmament," etc. For *hideous night*, cf. 5. 6 : "hideous winter."

3. *Violet past prime.* Dowden compares *Ham.* i. 3. 7 : "A violet in the youth of primy nature."

4. *Sable curls all silver'd.* The quarto has "or siluer'd ;" corrected by Malone. The Cambridge ed. notes an anonymous conjecture, "o'er-silvered with white." Steevens compares *Ham.* i. 2. 242 : —

> "It was, as I have seen it in his life,
> A sable silver'd ;"

referring to the Ghost's beard.

6. *Canopy.* For the verb, cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 41, *Cymb.* ii. 2. 21, etc.

8. *Beard.* Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 95 : —

> "the green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard."

9. *Question make.* Consider. Elsewhere it is = doubt ; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 156, 184, *L. C.* 321, etc.

10. *The wastes of Time.* The things destroyed by Time.

11. *Do themselves forsake.* In dying they *forsake* their former loveliness.

14. *Save breed,* etc. "Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful" (Malone).

XIII

"Note *you* and *your* instead of *thy*, *thine*, and the address *my love* for the first time" (Dowden). Elsewhere Dowden remarks: "In the first fifty sonnets, *you* is of extremely rare occurrence, in the second fifty *you* and *thou* alternate in little groups of sonnets, *thou* having still a preponderance, but now only a slight preponderance ; in the remaining twenty-six, *you* becomes the ordinary mode of address, and *thou* the exception. In the sonnets to a mistress, *thou* is invariably employed. A few sonnets of the first series, as 63–68, have "my love," and the third person throughout. *Thou* and *you* are to be considered only when addressing friend or lover, not Time, the Muse, etc. Five sets of sonnets may then be distinguished : 1. Using *thou*. 2. Using *you*. 3. Using neither, but be-

longing to a *thou* group. 4. Using neither, but belonging to a *you* group. 5. Using both (24)." In his larger ed. Dowden adds a tabular classification of the Sonnets under these five heads.

1. *Yourself!* That is, master of yourself; as the context shows.

5. *Beauty's which you hold in lease.* Malone compares Daniel's *Delia*, 47 : —

> "in beauty's lease expir'd appears
> The date of age, the calends of our death."

6. *Determination.* End; the legal sense. On the passage, cf. *V. and A.* 171 fol.

9. *So fair a house.* The word *house* here seems to refer to the ancestral house, or family; not, like the "beauteous roof" of 10. 7, to the bodily mansion.

10. *Husbandry.* Economy, thrift. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 4, *Ham.* i. 3. 77, etc.

13. *Unthrifts!* See on 9. 9 above.

14. *You had a father.* Dowden compares *A. W.* i. 1. 19: "This young gentlewoman had a father — O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 't is!" See on 10. 7 above.

XIV

1, 2. Dowden quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "O sweet Philoclea, . . . thy heavenly face is my astronomy" (that is, astrology, as here); and *Astrophel and Stella* (ed. 1591), Sonn. 26: —

> "Though dusty wits dare scorn astrology
> . . . . . .
> [I] oft forejudge my after-following race
> By only those two stars in Stella's face."

So Daniel, *Delia*, 30 (on Delia's eyes) : —

> "Stars are they sure, whose motions rule desires;
> And calm and tempest follow their aspects."

6. *Pointing.* Pointing out, appointing. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 1. 19, iii. 2. 1, 15, etc. See also Bacon, *Essay* 45 (ed. of 1625): "But

this to be, if you doe not point, any of the lower Roomes, for a Dining Place of Servants ; " and *Essay* 58 : " Pointing Dayes for Pitched Fields," etc. *His* = its ; as in 9. 10 above.

8. *Oft predict.* Frequent prediction or prognostication ; the only instance of *predict* as a noun in S. Sewell reads " ought predict " (= anything predicted).

9. *From thine eyes*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 350 : " From women's eyes this doctrine I derive," etc.

10. *Art.* Knowledge.

11–14. Dowden puts *Truth . . . convert* and *Thy end . . . date* in quotation marks, explaining *read such art* as = " gather by reading such truths of science as the following."

12. *Store.* See on 11. 9 above. Malone paraphrases thus : " If thou wouldst change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny."

Convert here rhymes with *art*, as in Daniel's *Delia*, 11, with *heart* (Dowden). See on 11. 4 above, and cf. *R. of L.* 592.

XV

3. *Stage.* Malone reads " state ; " but, as Dowden notes, the theatrical words *presenteth* and *shows* confirm the old text. It is one of the poet's many allusions to life as a stage. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139 fol., *M. of V.* i. 2. 77, etc.

7. *Vaunt.* Exult, glory.

9. *Conceit.* Conception, imagination ; as in 108. 13 below, and often.

11. *Debateth.* Combats, contends. Malone quotes *A. W.* i. 2. 75 : —

> " nature and sickness
> Debate it at their leisure."

Schmidt may be right in putting the present passage under *debate* = discuss.

XVI

4. *With means more blessed*, etc. That is, better than the commemoration in verse referred to in the close of the preceding sonnet.

5. *The top of happy hours.* The prime of joyous youth.

6. *Maiden gardens yet unset.* Malone compares *L. C.* 171: "Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew." See also 3. 5, 6 above.

7. *Bear your living flowers.* Some would change *your* to "you;" but *your living flowers* is antithetical to "*your painted counterfeit.*"

8. *Much liker*, etc. Much more like you than your painted portrait is. For *counterfeit*, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 115: "fair Portia's counterfeit," etc.

9. *Lines of life.* Probably = "living pictures, that is, children" (an anonymous explanation in the *Variorum* of 1821). Dowden remarks: "The unusual expression is selected because it suits the imagery of the sonnet, *lines* applying to (1) lineage, (2) delineation with a pencil, a portrait, (3) lines of verse, as in 18. 12. *Lines of life* are living lines, living poems and pictures, children." Wyndham adds a fourth allusion from palmistry — the "line of life" in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 146. Hudson reads "line of life," which he makes = "living line, or lineage."

10. *This time's pencil.* This may be = any painter of the time. Massey supposes that some particular artist is referred to, perhaps Mirevelt, who painted the Earl of Southampton's portrait. The quarto reads "this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)," etc., and the modern eds. generally read "this, Time's pencil," etc. Dowden asks: "Are we to understand the line as meaning 'Which this pencil of Time or this my pupil pen;' and is Time here conceived as a limner who has painted the youth so fair, but whose work cannot last for future generations? In 19 'Devouring Time' is transformed into a scribe; may not 'tyrant Time' be transformed here

into a painter? In 20 it is Nature who paints the face of the beautiful youth. This masterpiece of twenty years can endure neither as painted by Time's pencil, nor as represented by Shakspere's unskilful, pupil pen. Is the *painted counterfeit* Shakspere's portrayal in his verse? Cf. 53. 5." Wyndham makes *Time's pencil* mean "history, record at large;" and *my pupil pen* = "my humbler art."

11. *Fair.* Beauty. Cf. 18. 7, 68. 3, and 83. 2 below.

XVII

1. *Who will believe*, etc. "In 16 Shakspere has said that his 'pupil pen' cannot make his friend live to future ages. He now carries on this thought; his verse, although not showing half his friend's excellencies, will not be believed in times to come" (Dowden).

2. *Deserts?* For the rhyme with *parts*, see on 14. 12 above. Cf. 72. 6 below.

11. *Poet's rage.* Poetical extravagance. Schmidt regards it as contemptuous for "poetical inspiration."

12. *Stretched metre.* Exaggerated verse. Keats took this line for the motto of his *Endymion.*

14. *You should live twice.* Both your child and my verse would preserve your memory.

XVIII

"Shakspere takes heart, expects immortality for his verse, and so immortality for his friend as surviving in it" (Dowden).

3. *Rough winds do shake*, etc. Malone quotes *Cymb.* i. 3. 36: —

> "And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
> Shakes all our buds from growing;"

and *T. of S.* v. 2. 140: "as whirlwinds shake fair buds."

5. *Eye of heaven.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 37: "the searching eye of heaven;" and *R. of L.* 356: "The eye of heaven is out."

7. *Fair.* Beauty. See on 16. 11 above. So in 10 below, *fair thou owest* = beauty thou possessest. For *owe*, cf. 70. 14 below.

8. *Untrimm'd.* Despoiled of its charms.

12. *To time thou growest.* Thy fame will increase with the lapse of time.

14. *So long lives this.* This anticipation of immortality for their works was a common conceit with the poets of the time. Cf. Spenser, *Amoretti*, 27, 69, 95; Drayton, *Idea*, 6, 44; Daniel, *Delia*, 39, etc.

XIX

The thought in the last line of 18 is continued and expanded in this sonnet.

1. *Devouring.* Walker conjectures "Destroying;" but *devour* is often = *destroy* in S. Cf., *Rich. II.*, i. 3. 284: "Devouring pestilence," etc.

4. *Phœnix.* For allusions to the phœnix in S., cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 23, *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 17, *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 41, *T. of A.* ii. 1. 32, etc. See also the poem of *The Phœnix and the Turtle.*

5. *Fleets.* The quarto has "fleet'st;" but the analogy of 8. 7 ("confounds") favours Dyce's emendation, which is also adopted by Dowden. This contraction of the second person singular of verbs ending in *-t* occurs often in S. in the early eds., though often "emended" in the modern ones. See Abbott's *Grammar*, § 340.

10. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S.

XX

"His friend is 'beauty's pattern' (19. 12); as such he owns the attributes of male and female beauty" (Dowden).

Palgrave omits this sonnet, with 151, 153, and 154.

1. *With Nature's own hand painted.* Not artificially coloured — a fashion which S. detested, as he did false hair. Cf. *Sonn.* 68. 5 below, and *M. of V.* iii. 2. 94: —

> "the dowry of a second head,
> The skull that bred them [the "golden locks"] in the sepulchre."

See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 144: "Thatch your poor thin roofs With burdens of the dead." In *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 258 Biron says: —

> "O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
> It mourns that painting and usurping hair
> Should ravish doters with a false aspect."

It was then comparatively a recent fashion. Stow says: "Women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris" (1572). Barnaby Rich, in 1615, says of the periwig-sellers: "These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name. . . . But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls — such monstrous mop-poles of hair — so proportioned and deformed that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawn the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

2. *Master-mistress of my passion.* "Who sways my love with united charms of man and woman" (Dowden).

5. *Less false in rolling.* Dowden compares Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 1. 41: —

> "Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
> Did roll too lightly."

Tyler refers to 139. 6 and 140. 14 below.

7. *Hues.* Printed in the quarto in italics and with a capital. This led Tyrwhitt to surmise that "Mr. W. H." might be Mr. William Hews, or Hughes. But the following words are all printed in the same manner: *Rose*, 1. 2; *Audit*, 4. 12; *Statues*, 55. 5; *Intrim*, 56. 9; *Alien*, 78. 3; *Satire*, 100. 11; *Autumne*, 104. 5; *Abisme*, 112. 9; *Alcumie*, 114. 4; *Syren*, 119. 1; *Hereticke*, 124. 9; *Informer*, 125. 13; *Audite*, 126. 13; and *Quietus*, 126. 14. The word *hue* was used by Elizabethan writers not only in the sense of *complexion*, but also in that of *shape*, *form*. In Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 9. 17, Talus tries to seize Malengin, who transforms himself into a fox, a bush, a bird, a stone, and then a hedgehog: —

> "Then gan it [the hedgehog] run away incontinent,
> Being returned to his former hew."

The meaning here may then be, A man in shape surpassing all that excite the wonder and admiration of men and women.

11. *Defeated.* Disappointed, defrauded. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 161: —

> "They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
> Thereby to have defeated you and me,
> You of your wife, and me of my consent."

13. *Prick'd.* Marked. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 216, etc.; and for the equivoque, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 122.

XXI

1. *So is it not*, etc. "The face of Shakspere's friend is painted by Nature alone, and so too there is no false painting, no poetical hyperbole, in the description." For the extravagancies and exaggerations of the sonnet writers of the time, Dowden refers to Main (*Treasury of English Sonnets*), who cites Spenser's *Amoretti*, 9 and 64; Daniel's *Delia*, 19; Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, Sonn. 48. Compare also Griffin's *Fidessa*, Sonn. 39; and Constable's *Diana* (1594), the 6th decade, Sonn. 1. *Sonn.* 130 is in the same vein as this. Wyndham regards this sonnet as "the first attack on the false art of a rival poet." For Shakespeare's aversion to paint in women, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 259, 263, *M. for M.* iii. 2. 83, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 147, etc.

5. *Couplement.* Union, combination. The quarto has "cooplement." Gildon reads "complement," and Sewell (2d ed.) "compliment." For *compare* as a noun, cf. 35. 6 and 130. 14 below.

8. *Rondure.* Circle. Cf. *roundure* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 259.

12. *Gold candles.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 220: "these blessed candles of the night;" *R. and J.* iii. 5. 9: "Night's candles are burnt out;" and *Macb.* ii. 1. 5: —

> "There's husbandry in heaven;
> Their candles are all out."

13. *That like of hearsay well.* Apparently referring to the com-

monplace style of which he has been speaking. Schmidt makes it = "that fall in love with what has been praised by others;" and Dowden "that like to be buzzed about by talk." For *like of*, cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 107, iv. 3. 158, *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59, etc.

14. *I will not praise*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 239: —

> "Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not;
> To things of sale a seller's praise belongs."

See also 102. 3 below.

XXII

"The praise of his friend's beauty suggests by contrast Shakspere's own face marred by time. He comforts himself by claiming his friend's beauty as his own" (Dowden). For the references to the poet's age in the *Sonnets*, see p. 41 above.

3. *Furrows*. Cf. *Sonn.* 2 above, and *Rich. III.* i. 3. 229.

4. *Expiate*. Bring to an end. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 23: "Make haste; the hour of death is expiate." Here, as there, Steevens conjectures "expirate," which White and Hudson adopt. Surely there is no need of coining a word to replace one which S. twice uses and which can be plausibly explained. Malone quotes Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracie*, in which an old courtier speaks of himself as "A poor and expiate humour of the court."

XXIII

1. *Unperfect*. Used by S. only here; but *unperfectness* occurs in *Oth.* ii. 3. 298. *Imperfect* we find in *Sonn.* 43. 11 and elsewhere, and *imperfection* six times in the plays. On the present passage, cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 40: —

> "Like a dull actor now,
> I have forgot my part, and I am out,
> Even to a full disgrace."

2. *Besides*. For the prepositional use, cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 92: "Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?"

3. *Replete with too much rage.* The *rage* overcoming self-control.

5. *For fear of trust.* Fearing to trust myself. Schmidt makes it = "doubting of being trusted;" but the context clearly confirms the explanation I have given. Dowden calls attention to the construction of the first eight lines, 5, 6 referring to 1, 2, and 7, 8, to 3, 4.

6. *Ceremony.* Hudson says that the word "is here used as a trisyllable, as if spelt *cer'mony;*" but how he would scan the verse I cannot imagine. The word is clearly a quadrisyllable, as almost always in S.

9. *Books.* Sewell reads "looks;" but the old reading is supported by 13 below. The *books*, as Dowden remarks, are probably the manuscript books in which the poet writes his sonnets.

12. *That tongue.* Probably = any tongue, however eloquent, rather than that of some particular person.

XXIV

1. *Stell'd.* Fixed. Cf. *Battle of Bothwell Bridge* (Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*): "They stell'd their cannons on the height." See also *R. of L.* 1444 and *Lear*, iii. 7. 61. Here the quarto has "steeld;" corrected by Dyce (the conjecture of Capell). Some take "steeld" to be = written with a steel point, or *stylus*.

2. *Table.* The *tablet* or surface on which a picture is painted. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 106 and *K. John*, ii. 1. 503.

3. *The frame.* That is, of the picture.

4. *Perspective.* The word in S. means elsewhere either a kind of picture which was so painted as to be distinct only when viewed obliquely, or a kind of glass employed to produce optical illusions. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 18, *A. W.* v. 3. 48, and *T. N.* v. 1. 224. Here the meaning seems to be that the poet's eye (*the painter*) is that *through* which the person addressed must look to see his *image*, or picture, hanging in the *bosom's shop*, or heart, within. The accent of *perspective* in S. is always on the first syllable.

Dowden remarks: "The strange conceits in this sonnet are paralleled in Constable's *Diana* (1594), Sonn. 5 (p. 4, ed. Hazlitt): —

> 'Thine eye, the glasse where I behold my heart,
> Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye
> May see my heart, and there thyselfe espy
> In bloody colours how thou painted art.'

Compare also Watson's *Teares of Fancie* (1593), Sonn. 45, 46 (ed. Arber, p. 201): —

> 'My Mistres seeing her faire counterfet
> So sweetelie framed in my bleeding brest
> . . . . . .
> But it so fast was fixed to my heart,'" etc.

11. *Where through.* Cf. *where-against* in *Cor.* iv. 5. 113, *where-out* in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 245, *where-until* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 493, etc.

13. *Cunning.* Art, skill; as very often.

XXV

"In this sonnet S. makes his first complaint against Fortune, against his low condition. He is about to undertake a journey on some needful business of his own (26, 27), and rejoices to think that at least in one place he has a fixed abode, in his friend's heart" (Dowden).

Prof. Hales (*Cornhill Mag.* Jan. 1877) suggests that the journeys spoken of in the *Sonnets* may have been from London to Stratford.

4. *Unlook'd for.* "Not sought out, not 'distinguished;' as a favourite was said to be 'distinguished' by a look or word from his sovereign" (Wyndham).

5. *Great princes' favourites*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 8: —

> "Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites
> Made proud by princes," etc.

Hales thinks that Essex or Raleigh may have furnished the suggestion of the simile.

6. *The marigold.* The "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*), of which Ellacombe says: "It was always a great favourite in our forefathers' gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, but may often be found in the gardens of cottages and old farmhouses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerarde said they were, 'to strengthen and comfort the heart.' The two properties of the marigold — that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting — made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers. . . . It was the 'heliotrope' or 'solsequium' or 'turnesol' of our forefathers, and is often alluded to under those names."

Of the contemporary allusions to the flower, the following from Withers is a good example : —

> "When with a serious musing I behold
> The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
> How duly every morning she displays
> Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays ;
> How she observes him in his daily walk,
> Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk ;
> How when he down declines she droops and mourns,
> Bedewed, as 't were, with tears till he returns ;
> And how she veils her flowers when he is gone ; —
> When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
> Have spirits far more generous than ours,
> And give us fair examples to despise
> The servile fawnings and idolatries
> Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
> Which merit not the service we bestow."

9. *Painful* = laborious, toilsome ; as in *Temp.* iii. 1. 1, *T. of S.* v. 2. 149, etc.

9. *For fight.* The quarto reads "for worth;" corrected by Malone at the suggestion of Theobald, who also proposed *forth* for the rhyming word in 11 if *worth* was retained. White adopts the latter reading. Capell proposed "for might;" and Steevens suggested this delectable emendation: —

> "The painful warrior for worth famoused,
> After a thousand victories once foil'd,
> Is from the book of honour quite razed," etc.

XXVI

Drake (*Shakspeare and His Times*, vol. ii. p. 63) notes that the language of the *Dedication to the Rape of Lucrece*, and that of part of the present sonnet are almost precisely the same. The *Dedication* runs thus: "The *love* I dedicate to your Lordship is without end. . . . The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part of all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater." Capell had already noted the parallel.

2. *My duty strongly knit.* Steevens quotes *Macb.* iii. 1. 15.

7. *Some good conceit.* Some happy idea. See on 15. 9 above, and cf. 108. 13 below. *Bestow it* = give it a place, treasure it up. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 78, *M. of V.* ii. 2. 179, etc.

9. *Star.* For the astrological allusion, cf. 14. 1 and 25. 1 above.

10. *Aspect.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S.

11. *Tatter'd.* The quarto has "tottered." See on 2. 4 above.

12. *Respect.* Regard, consideration. The quarto has "their" for *thy*, as in 27. 10 below.

XXVII

Evidently written on a journey.

3. *Head.* Dowden omits the comma after this word, thinking that the construction may be "a journey in my head begins to work my mind."

4. *To work my mind.* That is, to set it to work.

6. *Intend.* Here Schmidt makes the word = "bend, direct;" as in *M. W.* ii. 1. 188, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 92, *A. and C.* v. 2. 201, etc.

7. *Drooping.* Drowsy, ready to close.

9. *Imaginary.* Imaginative. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 265 : "foul imaginary eyes of blood" (that is, the sanguinary eyes of my imagination), etc.

10. *Shadow.* Image; as often. Cf. 37. 10, 43. 5, 53. 2, 61. 4, 98. 14, etc.

11. *Like a jewel*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 47 : —

> "It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

13. *By day my limbs*, etc. By day my limbs find no quiet for myself, that is, on account of my travel; by night my mind finds no quiet for thee, that is, thinking of thee. For the interlaced or "chiastic" construction (a favourite one with S.), cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 164: —

> "though I with death and with
> Reward did threaten and encourage him."

Cf. also 75. 11, 12 below.

XXVIII

A continuation of the preceding sonnet.

5. *Either's.* The quarto has "ethers," the ed. of 1640 "others."

9. *To please him*, etc. Most eds. put a comma after *him*. On the whole I prefer to omit it, as the Cambridge ed. does.

11. *Swart-complexion'd.* First hyphened by Gildon. For *swart* (= dark, black), cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 104, *K. John*, iii. 1. 46, etc.

12. *Twire.* Peep, twinkle; used by S. only here. Boswell quotes Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 1 : "Which maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers thus." Nares adds Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, iv. 1 : "I saw the wench that twir'd and twinkled

at thee ; " and Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, act iv.: " I saw a thing stir under a hedge, and I peeped, and I spied a thing, and I peered and I tweered underneath." Gildon reads "tweer out." For *gild'st* the quarto has "guil'st ; " corrected by Sewell.

14. *Strength.* The quarto has "length ; " corrected by Dyce (the conjecture of Capell). Dowden, who retains the old text (though with some hesitation), explains it thus : "Each day's journey draws out my sorrows to a greater length ; but this process of drawing-out does not weaken my sorrows, for my night-thoughts come to make my sorrows as strong as before, nay stronger." Capell suggested "draw my sorrows stronger . . . length seem longer."

XXIX

2. *Beweep.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 328, i. 4. 251, ii. 2. 49, etc.

6. *Like him, like him.* The pronoun refers to different persons, like *this man* and *that man* below.

7. *Art.* Literary skill.

8. *With what I most enjoy contented least.* "The preceding line makes it not improbable that S. is here speaking of his own poems" (Dowden).

12. *Sings hymns at heaven's gate.* Malone quotes *Cymb.* ii. 3. 21 : " Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings ; " and Reed adds Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. 1 (referring to the lark) : —

> " How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings."

Milton may have remembered S. (as not unfrequently elsewhere) when he wrote (*P. L.* v. 198) : —

> " ye birds,
> That singing up to heaven-gate ascend," etc.

State is the subject of *sins*, not *lark*, as some make it by their pointing.

XXX

1. *Sessions of sweet silent thought.* For the legal use of *sessions* (indicated by *summons*), cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 138 : —

> " who has a breast so pure
> But some uncleanly apprehensions
> Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
> With meditations lawful ? "

4. *My dear time's waste.* Those dear to me now gone.

6. *Dateless.* Endless ; the only sense in S. Cf. 153. 6 below ; and see also *Rich. II.* i. 3. 151 and *R. and J.* v. 3. 115.

8. *Moan the expense.* Lament the loss. Dowden thinks it means " pay my account of moans for," being explained by what follows (" tell o'er," etc.); but I cannot agree with him. For *expense*, cf. 94. 6 and 129. 1 below.

10. *Tell.* Count ; as in 138. 12 below. In this line and the next, note the lingering sadness of the long *o's*. Cf. the effect of the long monosyllables in 4 above.

XXXI

1–4. All the friends I have lost live again in you.

5. *Obsequious.* Funereal. Cf. *Hom.* i. 2. 92.

6. *Dear religious love.* " In *A Lover's Complaint*, the beautiful youth pleads to his love that all earlier hearts which had paid homage to him now yield themselves through him to her service (a thought similar to that of this sonnet) ; one of these fair admirers was a nun, a sister sanctified, but (250) : ' Religious love *put out Religion's eye* ' " (Dowden). Walker would read " dear-religious," which he explains as " making a religion of its affections."

7. *Interest.* Right, claim. Cf. *R. of L.* 1798 : " my sorrow's interest," etc.

8. *Thee.* The quarto has " there ; " corrected by Gildon.

11. *Parts of me.* Shares in me, claims upon me.

XXXII

1. *Well-contented.* The meaning is obscure. Possibly it refers to the love of his friend which (as the preceding sonnet declares) has made up for all the losses he has suffered.

4. *Lover.* For the masculine use, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 7, 17, etc.

5, 6. Dowden asks: "May we infer from these lines (and 10) that S. had a sense of the wonderful progress of poetry in the time of Elizabeth?" The reference is probably to the general improvement that may be expected in the future.

7. *Reserve.* Preserve; as in *Per.* iv. 1. 40:—

> "reserve
> That excellent complexion," etc.

XXXIII

"A new group seems to begin with this sonnet. It introduces the wrongs done to S. by his friend" (Dowden).

2. *Flatter.* "As a sovereign flatters a courtier with a look" (Wyndham). Cf. *Sonn.* 25. 4 fol.

4. *Heavenly alchemy.* Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 77:—

> "To solemnize this day the glorious sun
> Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
> Turning with splendour of his precious eye
> The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

See also *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 391–393.

6. *Rack.* A mass of floating clouds. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 156, *A. and C.* iv. 14. 10, etc. Dyce quotes Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, 115: "The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*)." On the passage, Capell compares 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 221 fol.

7. *Forlorn.* Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 124: "Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus." For the other accent, see *R. of L.* 1500 and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 805. See also on 107. 4 below.

9. *Even so my sun*, etc. A Mr. G. T. Smith, of Tasmania (*Victorian Rev.* Dec. 1879), says: "The secret of the *Sonnets* [the first 126] is simple. They were addressed to Shakespeare's son; not a son by Anne Hathaway, but to an illegitimate one by some other woman.—The evidence would go to show by some woman of high rank. . . . Sonnet 33 is conclusive, even if we did not know Shakespeare's love of the pun or play on a word: 'Even so my *sun*,' etc." This strikes me as "simple" in another sense.

12. *The region cloud.* S. uses *region* several times as = air or airy. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 509: —

> "the dreadful thunder
> Doth rend the region;"

and again in 607: "the region kites."

14. *Stain.* Grow dim, as if *stained* or soiled. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 48: "If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil," etc. Cf. the transitive use in 35. 3 below. See also the noun in *V. and A.* 9: "Stain to all nymphs" (that is, by eclipsing them), etc.

XXXIV

A continuation of the preceding sonnet.

4. *Rotten smoke.* Cf. "rotten damps," (*R. of L.* 778), "rotten dews" (*Cor.* ii. 3. 35), "reek of the rotten fens" (*Id.* iii. 3. 121), and "Rotten humidity," (*T. of A.* iv. 3. 2). In all these passages it refers to unwholesome vapours. For *bravery*, cf. *brave* in 12. 2.

12. *Cross.* The quarto has "losse;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell). Cf. 42. 12 and 133. 8.

XXXV

4. *Canker.* Canker-worm; as in 70. 7, 95. 2, and 99. 12 below.

5. *Make faults.* Cf. *R. of L.* 804: "all the faults which in thy reign are made;" *W. T.* iii. 2. 218: "All faults I make," etc.

6. *Authorizing.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere

in S. For *compare*, see on 21. 5 above. The meaning is : "giving a precedent for thy fault by comparing it with mine." (Palgrave); or with that of other men, as the context implies.

7. *Amiss.* For the noun, cf. 151. 3 below and *Ham.* iv. 5. 18. The line seems to mean : sinning myself in palliating your offence.

8. *Thy . . . thy.* The quarto reads "their . . . their ;" corrected by Malone. Steevens explains the line thus : "Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence."

9. *Sense.* Reason. Malone conjectured "incense" for *in sense.* Dowden says : "If we receive the present text, 'thy adverse party' must mean Shakspere. But may we read : —

> 'For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, [that is, judgment,
> Thy adverse party, as thy advocate.' reason]

Sense — against which he has offended — brought in *as* his advocate ?" It seems to me better to connect it with the following line, as the original text does. No change is called for.

12. *Love and hate.* Love for his friend, hate for his conduct.

13. *Accessary.* Accomplice. The word occurs again in *R. of L.* 1658, with the same accent as here. S. does not use *accessory.*

14. *Sweet thief.* Cf. 40. 9 : "gentle thief." For *sourly* Gildon has "sorely."

XXXVI

1. *We two must be twain.* Malone compares *T. and C.* iii. 1. 110 : "She 'll none of him ; they two are twain."

4. *Borne.* The *Variorum* of 1821 misprints "born."

5. *Respect.* Regard, affection ; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 209, *Lear*, i. 1. 128, etc. Dowden quotes *Cor.* iii. 3. 112 : —

> "I do *love*
> My country's good with a *respect* more tender,
> More holy and profound than my own life."

Palgrave explains *one respect* as = "one thing we look to," and Tyler as = "perfect similarity."

6. *A separable spite.* "A cruel fate that *spitefully separates* us from each other" (Malone). *Separable* is used by S. only here. For the active use of adjectives in *-ble*, cf. *comfortable* (*Lear*, i. 4. 328), *deceivable* (*T. N.* iv. 3. 21, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 8), etc.

9. *Evermore.* Walker conjectures "ever more."

10. *My bewailed guilt.* Explained by Spalding and others as "the blots that remain with S. on account of his profession" as an actor; but Dowden thinks the meaning may be: "I may not claim you as a friend, lest my relation to the dark woman — now a matter of grief — should convict you of faithlessness in friendship." The interpretation of many expressions in the *Sonnets* must depend upon the theory we adopt concerning their autobiographical or non-autobiographical character, and their relations to one another.

12. *That honour.* The honour you give me.

13, 14. These lines are repeated at the end of *Sonn.* 96. See p. 13 above.

XXXVII

3. *So I, made lame.* Cf. 89. 3 below: "Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt." Capell and others have inferred that S. was literally lame. Malone remarks: "In the 89th Sonnet the poet speaks of his friend's imputing to him a fault of which he was not guilty, and yet, he says, he would acknowledge it: so (he adds) were he to be described as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend should appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt. If S. was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occasionally* for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent. The context in the verse before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be understood literally, we must then suppose that our admired poet was also *poor* and *despised*, for neither of which suppositions is there the smallest ground." Dowden says: "S. uses *to lame* in the sense of *disable;* here the *worth* and *truth* of his friend are set over against the lameness of S.; the lameness, then, is metaphorical — a disability

to join in the joyous movement of life, as his friend does." Fleay believes that the lameness is "that of Shakespeare's verses."

Dearest. Most intense; as often. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 182: "my dearest foe," etc.

7. *Entitled in thy parts.* Finding their *title* or claim to the throne in thy qualities. Cf. *R. of L.* 57: —

> "But beauty, in that white intituled,
> From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;"

Malone explains *entitled* as "ennobled." The quarto has "their parts," which Schmidt would retain, explaining the passage thus: "or more excellencies, having a just claim to the first place as their due." Wyndham reads "Intituled" and retains "their," seeing allusions to heraldry in the passage.

10. *Shadow.* S. is fond of contrasting *shadow* and *substance.* Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 215, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 128, *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 14, etc.

XXXVIII

3. *Argument.* Theme, subject; as in 76. 10, 79. 5, 100. 8, 103. 3, 105. 9, etc.

6. *Stand against thy sight.* Endure thy sight.

8. *Invention.* Imagination, or the poetic faculty. Cf. 76. 6, 103. 7, and 105. 11 below. To *give* it *light* = cause it, bring it to light.

12. *Date.* Time; as often. Cf. 122. 4, 123. 5, etc.

13. *Curious.* Fastidious, critical. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20: —

> "Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
> Hath well compos'd thee."

Prof. Karl Goedeke (*Deutsche Rundschau*, March, 1877) believes that this sonnet was addressed to Queen Elizabeth. He says that 29, 44, 45, 48, 50, 51, and 97 were addressed to his wife, and 108 to his son Hamnet.

XXXIX

7. *That by this separation*, etc. "Separation justifies the poet's praise of his friend, which was not justified while their dear love was undivided; for to praise him then was to praise himself, since they were one, the friend being all the better part of the poet" (Wyndham).

12. *Which time and thoughts*, etc. Which doth so sweetly beguile time and thoughts. Malone takes *thoughts* to be = melancholy. See on 44. 9 below. The quarto has "dost" for *doth*; corrected by Malone. Wyndham retains and defends "dost."

13, 14. "Absence teaches how to make of the absent beloved two persons: one, absent in reality; the other, present to imagination" (Dowden).

XL

This sonnet, like the one before it and the two that follow, refers to the theft of the poet's mistress by his friend. But the poet and his friend being one, no fraud or robbery could be committed.

5, 6. Then if for love of me you receive her whom I love, I cannot blame you for using her. *For* in 6 = because; as in 54. 9 and 106. 11 below. On the passage, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 77, *Rich III.* i. 2. 228, and *T. A.* ii. 1. 82.

7, 8. "Yet you are to blame if you deceive yourself by an unlawful union while you refuse loyal wedlock" (Dowden). The quarto has "this selfe" for *thyself*; corrected by Gildon. Wyndham retains "this self," as referring to "the identity of himself and his friend, stated in 39. 1–4 and re-stated in 42. 13, 14." He also quotes 133. 6 and 135. 14. He takes *what thyself refusest* to mean "my love for you."

10. *All my poverty*. The poor little that I have. Cf. 103. 1 below. *Thee* is the "ethical dative."

XLI

1. *Pretty.* Bell and Palgrave read "petty." Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 37: —

> "But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
> The pretty follies that themselves commit."

Liberty = license; as often. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 24, 32, etc.

3. *Befits.* The singular verb is often found with two singular subjects.

5, 6. *Gentle thou art,* etc. Steevens quotes 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 77: —

> "She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore to be won."

8. *She have.* The quarto reads "he have;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt). Dowden and Wyndham think that the old text may be right.

9. *Ay me!* Hudson and some others read "Ah me!" which is not found in S. except in *R. and J.* v. 1. 10, where it may be a misprint. *Ay me!* occurs very often.

My seat. Malone reads: "thou mightst, my sweet, forbear;" but the old reading is confirmed and explained by *Oth.* ii. 1. 304: —

> "I do suspect the lusty Moor
> Hath leap'd into my seat."

Dr. Ingleby adds, as a parallel, *R. of L.* 412, 413.

10. *Chide.* Check or restrain the *beauty* that leads you astray. Cf. 8. 7 above.

12. *Truth.* Duty, allegiance; that of the lady to S. and the friend to S. — therefore *twofold.*

XLII

This sonnet closes the group that began with 33.

7. *Abuse me.* Use me ill.

9. *My love's gain.* That is, my mistress's gain.

11. *Both twain.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 459: "I remit both twain."

12. *This cross.* Cf. 34. 12 and 133. 8.

XLIII

1. *Wink.* Shut my eyes. Cf. 56. 6 and *V. and A.* 121, etc. See also the noun in *Temp.* ii. 1. 285, *W. T.* i. 2. 317, etc.

2. *Unrespected.* Unnoticed, unregarded; as in 54. 10 below, the only other instance of the word in S.

4. *And darkly bright*, etc. "Become bright, though not seeing, when, though closed, they are directed in the darkness" (Tyler). Cf. *Sonn.* 27, where the sleepless eyes are described as seeing his friend's image in the darkness of night.

5. *Whose shadow*, etc. Whose image makes bright the *shadows*, or shades, of night.

11. *Thy.* The quarto again misprints "their."

13, 14. *All days are nights to see*, etc. "All days are gloomy to behold," etc. (Steevens). Malone wished to read "nights to me;" and Lettsom conjectured: —

> "All days are nights to me till thee I see,
> And nights bright days when dreams do show me thee."

Thee me = thee to me.

XLIV

The poet explains that the elements of fire and air are with his friend, leaving himself only the heavier ones of earth and water.

1. *Thought.* Which can fly whither it will.

4. *From.* Gildon has "To." *Where* = to where.

6. *Farthest earth remov'd.* That is, earth farthest removed. For the transposition, cf. 111. 2 below.

9. *Thought kills me.* Here *thought* probably = "melancholy contemplation." Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 6. 35, etc.

11. *So much of earth and water wrought.* That is, so much of these baser elements being *wrought into* my nature. The allusion is to the old idea of the four elements entering into the composition of man. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 10: "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 22: "He is pure air and fire, and the

dull elements of earth and water never appear in him," etc. See also *A. and C.* v. 2. 292. Walker quotes Chapman, *Iliad*, vii. : —

" But ye are earth and water all, which — symboliz'd [that is, collected] in one —
Have fram'd your faint unfiery spirits."

12. *Attend time's leisure.* Await the lapse of time.

14. *Heavy tears.* Heavy because due to these elements of earth and water.

XLV

This sonnet and the next continue the reference to the *elements*.

4. *Present-absent.* The hyphen was inserted by Malone.

8. *Sinks down.* This would be an ordinary " female " line, if it were not for the rhyme with *thee*, which requires *melancholy* to be pronounced *melanch'ly*.

9. *Recur'd.* Restored to health. Cf. *V. and A.* 465 : " A smile recures the wounding of a frown." See also *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 130.

12. *Thy.* Again " their " in the quarto ; corrected by Malone.

XLVI

3. *Thy.* The quarto has " their," as in 8, 13, and 14 below ; corrected by Malone. Tyler understands the *picture* to be a real portrait of his friend, but this does not seem to me certain. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. The contest of *eye* and *heart* may be concerning the imaginary picture of his *person* and the image of him in the *heart*.

9. *'Cide.* The quarto has " side ; " corrected by Sewell (2d ed.). Wyndham makes " side " = " adjudge this title to one or the other side."

10. *Quest.* Inquest, or jury ; as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 189 : —

" What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge ? "

12. *Moiety.* Share, portion ; not necessarily an exact half. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 26, *Ham.* i. 1. 90, etc.

13. *Mine eye's due*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. 13, 14.

XLVII

Continues the subject of *eye* and *heart*.

1. *Took*. S. has both *took* and *taken* (or *ta'en*) for the participle.

3. *Famish'd for a look*. Cf. 75. 10 below. Malone quotes *C. of E.* ii. 1. 88 : "Whilst I at home starve for a merry look."

9. *Thy picture or*. Lintott has "the picture or," and Gildon "the picture of."

10. *Art*. The quarto has "are ; " corrected by Malone.

11. *Not*. The quarto has "nor ; " corrected in the ed. of 1640.

With *Sonn.* 46, 47, Dowden compares Sonnets 19, 20 of Watson's *Tears of Fancie*, 1593 (ed. Arber, p. 188) : —

> "My hart impos'd this penance on mine eies,
> (Eies the first causers of my harts lamenting) :
> That they should weepe till loue and fancie dies,
> Fond loue the last cause of my harts repenting.
> Mine eies vpon my hart inflict this paine
> (Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue)
> That it should loue and purchase fell disdaine,
> A grieuous penance which my heart doth proue,
> Mine eies did weep as hart had them imposed,
> My hart did pine as eies had it constrained," etc.

Sonnet 20 continues the same : —

> "My hart accus'd mine eies and was offended,
> . . . . . .
> Hart said that loue did enter at the eies,
> And from the eies descended to the hart;
> Eies said that in the hart did sparkes arise," etc.

Cf. also *Diana* (ed. 1584), Sixth Decade, Sonnet 7 (Arber's *English Garner ;* and Drayton, *Idea*, 33).

XLVIII

Written during a journey.

4. *Hands of falsehood*. Hands of the false or fraudulent.

6. *My greatest grief*. Because of his fear of theft.

7. *Best of dearest.* An emphasized superlative.

11. *Gentle closure of my breast.* Cf. *V. and A.* 781: "Into the quiet closure of my breast."

14. Dowden asks: "Does not this refer to the woman who has sworn love (152. 2), and whose truth to S. (spoken of in 41. 13) now proves thievish?" The meaning here, however, may simply be that so rich a *prize* may tempt even *true men* to become thieves. Capell compares *V. and A.* 724: "Rich preys make true men thieves." The antithesis of *true men* and *thieves* occurs often in S. and other writers of the time.

XLIX

"Notice the construction of the sonnet, each of the quatrains beginning with the same words, 'Against that time;' so also 64, three quatrains beginning with the words 'When I have seen.' So Daniel's sonnet beginning 'If this be love,' repeated in the first line of each quatrain" (Dowden). Cf. also a sonnet by Barnabe Barnes quoted in *Appendix.*

3. *Whenas.* When; as in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 140, *V. and A.* 999, etc.

4. *Advis'd respects.* Deliberate considerations; as in *K. John,* iv. 2. 214: "More upon humour than advis'd respects."

7. *Converted.* Changed. Steevens compares *J. C.* iv. 2. 20: —

> "When love begins to sicken and decay,
> It useth an enforced ceremony."

8. *Reasons.* That is, for the change it has undergone.

10. *Desert.* Rhyming with *part,* and spelled "desart" in the quarto. See on 14. 12 and 17.-2 above. Cf. 72. 6 below.

13. *The strength of laws.* Absolute legal right.

L

This sonnet and the next appear to refer to the journey alluded to in *Sonn.* 48. Fleay thinks that the *journey* (like the *absence* and *travel* in other Sonnets) is purely figurative, referring to "the

separation between Southampton and Shakespeare, caused by the metaphorical unfaithfulness of the latter in producing not poems dedicated to him, but only dramas destined for the multitude." The *horse* or *beast* ridden by S. is Pegasus!

3. *That ease and that repose.* Which he will find at the end of the weary journey.

6. *Dully.* The quarto has "duly;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

7. *Instinct.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S.

LI

4. *Posting.* Rapid travelling, with frequent change of horses.

6. *Swift extremity.* The extreme of swiftness.

7. *Mounted on the wind.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 95 and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 37.

8. *In winged speed.* Even if I had wings, or could fly like a bird.

10–12. *Therefore Desire*, etc. "He will dispense with his horse, and run or fly back, riding on no dull flesh, but borne on the wings of Desire" (Tyler).

Perfect'st. The quarto has "perfects," and Gildon "perfect." *Perfect'st* is due to Dyce. For the superlative, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 317: "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

Shall neigh — no dull flesh, etc. The quarto reads "shall naigh noe dull flesh," etc. Malone was the first to make *no dull flesh* parenthetical. Dowden thinks the meaning may be, "Desire, which is all love, shall neigh, there being no dull flesh to cumber him as he rushes forward in his fiery race." Massey makes *flesh* the object of *neigh* (= neigh *to*).

13. *Wilful-slow.* The hyphen is due to Malone.

14. *Go.* The word here, as most of the critics agree, seems to have the specific sense of walking as opposed to running. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 22: —

> "*Stephano.* We 'll not run, Monsieur monster.
> *Trinculo.* Nor go neither;"

and *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 388 : "Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve thy turn." Schmidt defines *go* in these two passages as = "walk leisurely, not to run;" but the instance in the text he puts under the head of *go* = "make haste." Tyler makes *give him leave to go* = "dismiss him, or let him go at his pleasure."

LII

This sonnet expresses his delight at returning to his friend.

1. *Key.* Pronounced *kay* in the time of S. Note the rhyme with *survey*.

4. *For blunting.* For fear of blunting. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 136 : "Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold;" and *2 Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 74 : —

> "Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
> For swallowing the treasure of the realm."

5. *Therefore are feasts*, etc. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 229 : —

> "If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work;
> But when they seldom come they wish'd for come,
> And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents;"

and *Id.* iii. 2. 57 : —

> "and so my state,
> Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
> And won by rareness such solemnity."

8. *Captain.* Chief. For the adjective use, cf. 66. 12 below. For *carcanet* = necklace, see *C. of E.* iii. 1. 4, the only other instance of the word in S.

11. *Special.* Used adverbially, as adjectives often are in S.

LIII

His friend's *shadow*, or image, is to be seen in every beautiful person or thing; but his *constant heart* — his faithful affection — has no parallel or counterpart.

2. *Strange.* Stranger, not your own.

4. "*You*, although but one person, can give off all manner of shadowy images. Shakspere then, to illustrate this, chooses the most beautiful of men, Adonis, and the most beautiful of women, Helen; both are but shadows or counterfeits (or pictures, as in *Sonn.* 16) of the 'master-mistress' of his passion" (Dowden).

5. *Counterfeit.* Portrait; as in 16. 8 above, *T. of A.* v. 1. 83, etc. On the rhyme with *set*, Walker remarks that *-feit* was pronounced nearly as *fate*; and so of *ei* generally. He quotes Ford, *Perkin Warbeck*, iii. 2, where Katherine, referring to the word *counterfeit*, says: —

> "Pray do not use
> That word; it carries *fate* in 't."

In *C. of E.* iv. 2. 63 *straight* rhymes with *conceit*; and in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 399, *conceit* with *wait*. Many similar examples might be cited.

7. *Helen's cheek.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 153: "Helen's cheek, but not her heart."

8. *Tires.* Head-dresses. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 190: —

> "If I had such a tire, this face of mine
> Were full as lovely as is this of hers," etc.

In the present passage, the word may possibly be a contraction of *attires*.

9. *Foison.* Plenty, harvest (here = autumn). Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 163, iv. 1. 110, *Macb.* iv. 3. 88, etc. On the passage, Malone compares *A. and C.* v. 2. 86: —

> "For his bounty,
> There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
> That grew the more by reaping."

LIV

This sonnet continues the subject of 53, taking up the sentiment of the last line. Beauty is enhanced by *truth*, or the beauty of character; as the rose by its fragrance, which, distilled, is more lasting than its beauty.

5. *Canker-blooms.* Dog-roses. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 28: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;" and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 76:—

> "To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
> And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke."

Steevens says that the dog-rose is paler than the cultivated rose, and has some odour; and therefore the text is inconsistent. But the perfume of the dog-rose would never be *distilled;* and that is the point of the poet's comparison.

6. *The perfumed tincture.* The combined colour and fragrance.

8. *Discloses.* Uncloses, unfolds. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 40:—

> "The canker galls the infants of the spring
> Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd."

9. *For.* Because; as in 106. 11 below. See also on 40. 6 above.

10. *Unrespected.* Unregarded. Cf. 43. 2 above.

12. *Sweetest odours.* For the allusion to distillation of perfumes, see on 5. 9 above.

14. *Vade.* Fade. The quarto has "by verse;" corrected by Malone. *That* refers to the abstract *youth* implied in the concrete *youth*. *Vade* occurs also in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 20 (folio text), and in *P. P.* 131, 132, 170, 174, 176.

LV

This sonnet, like 54, seems to take up the closing line of the preceding one.

Mr. Tyler (*Athenæum*, Sept. 11, 1880) ingeniously argues that the thought and phrasing of lines in this sonnet are derived from a passage in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Shakespeare among others is mentioned with honour:—

"As Ovid saith of his worke;

> *Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
> *Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;*

And as Horace saith of his: —

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum:

So say I seuerally of Sir Philip Sidneys, Spencers, Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warners workes;

Nec Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.

Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus euertendum tres illi Di conspirabunt, Chronus, Vulcanus, et Pater ipse gentis: —

Nec tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,
Aeternum potuit hoc abolere decus."

1. *Monuments.* The quarto has "monument;" corrected by Malone.

3. *These contents.* What is contained in these verses of mine.

7. *Mars his sword.* Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 58: "Mars his idiot," etc.

9. *All-oblivious.* Causing to be forgotten. Cf. *oblivious* in *Macb.* v. 3. 43; the only other instance of the word in S.

10. *Pace forth.* Still go on, or endure.

13. *Till the judgment,* etc. Till the judgment day shall bid you rise from the dead. Hudson has this strange note: "*Arise* is here used transitively, and is put in the plural for the rhyme, though its subject is in the singular: 'Till the judgment day that raises yourself from the dead,' is the meaning." This is the sense, but not the syntax.

LVI

"This, like the sonnets immediately preceding, is written in absence. The *love* S. addresses ('Sweet love, renew thy force') is the love in his own breast. Is the sight of his friend, of which he

speaks, only the imaginative seeing of love; such fancied sight as two betrothed persons may have although severed by the ocean?" (Dowden.)

6. *Wink.* Close in sleep, as after a full meal. See on 43. 1 above.

8. *Dullness.* Apparently = *drowsiness*, as in *Temp.* i. 2. 185: "'Tis a good dullness."

13. *Else.* The quarto has "As;" corrected by Palgrave. Malone and Tyler read "Or."

LVII

"The absence spoken of in this sonnet seems to be voluntary absence on the part of Shakspere's friend" (Dowden).

5. *World-without-end hour.* The time that seems as if it would never end. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 799: "a world-without-end bargain."

12. *Where you are*, etc. How happy you make those where you are.

13. *Will.* The quarto has "Will" (not in italics). As Tyler remarks, "there is a bare possibility of a pun." Cf. *Sonn.* 135, 136.

LVIII

This sonnet is a continuation of 57; expressing a "growing distrust in his friend, with a determination to resist such a feeling" (Dowden).

3. *To crave.* The *to* of the infinitive is sometimes expressed in a clause following one with *should*, *would*, etc. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 62, *T. of A.* iv. 2. 33, etc.

6. *The imprison'd absence of your liberty.* The separation from you, which to me is imprisonment, while you are at liberty.

7. *Tame to sufferance.* Bearing the suffering submissively. Malone compares *Lear*, iv. 6. 225: "made tame to fortune's blows." *Bide each check* = endure each rebuke or rebuff.

10. *Your time To what*, etc. Devoting your time, as is your privilege, to what you will.

13. *Though waiting so be hell.* Cf. p. 120. 6 and *R. of L.* 1287.

LIX

Here, as Tyler notes, there is "pretty clearly a break of continuity."

5. *Record.* History; accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. 122. 8 below.

6. *Courses.* Yearly courses, not daily. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 6:

> "After
> So many courses of the sun enthron'd;"

T. and C. iv. 1. 27: "A thousand complete courses of the sun," etc.

7. *Antique.* For the accent, see on 19. 10 above.

8. *Since mind*, etc. Since thought was first expressed in writing.

10. *Composed wonder.* Wonderful composition. For many similar inversions, see Schmidt, p. 1417.

11. *Or whether.* The quarto has "or where," and some modern eds. print "whe'r" or "whêr." *Whether* is not unfrequently monosyllabic.

12. *Or whether revolution*, etc. Whether the revolution of time brings about the same things.

LX

"The thought of revolution, the revolving ages (59. 12), sets the poet thinking of changes wrought by time" (Dowden).

1. *Like as.* Cf. 118. 1 below. See also *T. and C.* i. 2. 7, *Ham.* i. 2. 217, etc.

5. *Nativity*, etc. The child once brought into this world of light. "As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of

waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light into which a new-born child is launched" (Knight). Perhaps, as Dowden suggests, the image in *main of light* is suggested by line 1, where our minutes are compared to waves.

7. *Crooked.* Malignant. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 22: "If crooked fortune had not thwarted me," etc. For the allusion to the supposed evil influence of eclipses, cf. 107. 5 below. See also *Macb.* iv. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 1. 120, *Lear*, i. 2. 112, *Oth.* v. 2. 99, etc.

8. *Confound.* Destroy; as often. See on 5. 6 above and 63. 10 below.

9. *Flourish.* "External decoration" (Malone). Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 14: "the painted flourish of your praise," etc. *Transfix* (used by S. only here) = remove, take away.

10. *Delves the parallels.* Makes furrows. For the figure, cf. 2. 2 above; and for a different one, see 19. 9. *Parallels* is used more mathematically in *T. and C.* i. 3. 168.

11. *Feeds on*, etc. Consumes whatever is rarest, or best, in natural beauty and worth.

13. *Times in hope.* Future times.

LXI

This sonnet reminds us of 27 and 28.

8. *Tenor.* The quarto has "tenure;" corrected by Malone.

11. *Defeat.* Destroy. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 160: "His unkindness may defeat my life," etc.

LXII

With this sonnet compare 22.

1. *Self-love.* Cf. 3. 8 above.

5. *Gracious.* Full of grace, beautiful. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 81: "a gracious creature;" *T. N.* i. 5. 281: "A gracious person," etc.

7. *And for myself*, etc. Walker conjectures "so define," and

Lettsom "so myself." Dowden asks: "Does *for myself* mean 'for my own satisfaction'?" Perhaps it merely adds emphasis to the statement.

8. *As I*, etc. In such a way that I, etc.

10. *Bated.* The quarto has "beated," which was probably an error of the ear for *bated* (= beaten down, weakened; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 32: "These griefs and losses have so bated me," etc.), *beat* being then pronounced *bate.* "Beated" is explained by Tyler as "battered." S. has *splitted* in *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, v. 1. 308, *A. and C.* v. 1. 24, etc., *catched* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69, *becomed* in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26, *Cymb.* v. 5. 406, etc Steevens would read "blasted," and Collier "beaten," which White adopts.

For *chopp'd* (the quarto *chopt*) Dyce and others read "chapp'd," which is really the same word. The form in S. is always *chopt* or *chopped.*

13. *'T is thee, myself.* That is, thee, who art my other self.

14. *Painting my age*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 244.

LXIII

A continuation of 62.

5. *Steepy night.* Malone was at first inclined to read "sleepy night," but afterwards decided that *steepy* is explained by 7. 5, 6 above. Dowden takes the same view: "Youth and age are on the steep ascent and the steep decline of heaven." Staunton says: "Chaucer [*C. T.* 201, 755] has 'eyen stepe,' which his editors interpret 'eyes deep.' We believe in both cases the word is a synonym for *black* or *dark.*" Hudson reads "sleepy."

6. *King.* Sovereign possessor. Cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 39, etc.

9. *For such a time.* That is, in anticipation of it. *Fortify* = fortify myself, take defensive measures. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 56: "We fortify in paper and in figures."

10. *Confounding.* Destroying. See on 60. 8 above.

13. *Black lines.* Cf. 65. 14 above.

LXIV

This sonnet also continues the thought of the preceding. Palgrave remarks that the three sonnets 64–66 "form one poem of marvellous power, insight, and beauty."

2. *Rich proud.* Hyphened by Malone, like *down-ras'd* below. *Cost* = that on which money is spent. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 60.

4. *Mortal.* Deadly, fatal; as in 46. 1, etc.

5. *When I have seen the hungry ocean*, etc. Some critics have expressed surprise that S. should know anything of these gradual encroachments of the sea on the land; but they had become familiar on the east coast of England before his day, as at *Ravenspurg* (*Rich. II.* ii. 1. 296, etc.). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 45: —

> "O God! that one might read the book of fate,
> And see the revolution of the times
> Make mountains level, and the continent,
> Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
> Into the sea! and, other times, to see
> The beachy girdle of the ocean
> Too wide for Neptune's hips," etc.

See also Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, cxxiii.

13. *This thought*, etc. This thought, which cannot choose but weep . . . is as a death.

14. *To have.* At having; the "indefinite" infinitive, which is very common in S.

LXV

A sequel to 64.

3. *This rage.* Malone conjectured "his rage." *Rage* = destructive power. Cf. 13. 12 and 64. 4.

4. *Action.* Energy, vigour. Dowden thinks it is used in a legal sense, suggested by *hold a plea.*

5. *Summer's.* The summer of life.

6. *Wrackful.* The quarto has "wrackfull;" the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *wrack-threatening* in *R. of L.* 590. *Wrack*

is the only spelling in the early eds. Note the rhyme in 126. 5 below.

10. *Chest.* Theobald conjectured "quest;" but, as Malone shows, the figure is a favourite one with S. Cf. 48. 9 above; and see also *K. John*, v. 1. 40, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 180, etc. *Time's chest* = the oblivion to which he consigns our precious things. Cf. 52. 9 above.

12. *Of beauty.* The quarto has "or" for *of*, and Gildon reads "on."

LXVI

"The tone of melancholy now attains a greater intensity, and we have a pessimism which has been compared to that of *Hamlet*. . . . The poet cries out for death, though unwilling to leave his friend" (Tyler).

1. *All these.* The evils enumerated below.

2. *Born.* Staunton conjectures "lorn," and "empty" for *needy*.

8. *Disabled.* A quadrisyllable. Cf. *assembly* in *Cor.* i. 1. 159, *nobler* (trisyllable) in *Id.* iii. 2. 66, etc.

9. *Art made tongue-tied*, etc. "*Art* is commonly used by S. for letters, learning, science. Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?" (Dowden). It may be censorship in a general sense; or legal *authority* used to suppress freedom of speech.

11. *Simplicity.* Folly; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 23, iv. 3. 54, v. 2. 52, 78, etc.

12. *And captive good*, etc. "This is a climax. Evil is a victorious *captain*, with *good* as a captive attending to grace his triumph" (Tyler).

LXVII

The world being such as represented in the preceding sonnet, the excellencies of the poet's friend are out of place. He is Nature's memorial of a golden age long passed away (Tyler). This thought is developed in the next sonnet.

4. *Lace.* Embellish. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 20: "laced with silver," etc.

6. *Dead seeing.* Lifeless semblance. Capell and Farmer conjecture "seeming."

8. *Roses of shadow.* Imaginary roses, the mere *shadow*, or image, of the reality.

9. *Bankrupt.* Spelled "banckrout" in the quarto, as often, or similarly ("bankrout," etc.), elsewhere.

12. *Proud of many*, etc. "Nature, while she boasts of many beautiful persons, really has no treasure of beauty except his" (Dowden).

13. *Stores.* See on 11. 9 above.

LXVIII

1. *Map of days outworn.* Malone compares *R. of L.* 1350: "this pattern of the worn-out age." For *map* = picture, image, cf. *R. of L.* 402: "the map of death;" *Rich. II.* v. 1. 12: "Thou map of honour," etc.

3. *Fair.* See on 16. 11 above. *Bastard* = illegitimate, as not derived from Nature.

5, 6. For Shakespeare's antipathy to false hair, see note on 20. 1 above. He likes to represent the hair as taken from the dead.

10. *Without all.* That is, without any; as in 74. 2 below. For *itself* Malone conjectures "himself." It seems to be = its real self.

LXIX

His friend's beauty is generally admitted, but it is alleged that his moral character is not in keeping with it.

3. *Due.* The quarto has "end;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell and Tyrwhitt).

5. *Thy.* The quarto has "Their;" corrected by Malone, who later substituted "Thine."

7. *Confound.* Destroy. See on 5. 6 above.

14. *Soil.* The quarto has "solye," and the ed. of 1640 "soyle." Gildon has "toil." Malone (followed by Dyce, White, and Hudson) reads "solve" (= solution). The Cambridge editors and Dowden give "soil," and the former say: "As the verb *to soil* is not uncommon in Old English, meaning *to solve* (as, for example, in Udal's *Erasmus*: 'This question could not one of them all soile'), so the substantive *soil* may be used in the sense of *solution*. The play upon words thus suggested is in the author's manner." *Thou dost common grow;* that is, you get into bad company.

LXX

For this sonnet, see p. 25 above.

1. *Art.* The quarto has "are;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

2. *Slander's mark*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 197 and *Ham.* iii. 1. 140.

3. *Suspect.* Suspicion. For the noun, which S. uses some dozen times, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 89, iii. 5. 32, etc.

6. *Thy.* Again the quarto has "Their." The frequency of this mistake was apparently due to confusing the abbreviations of the words.

Being woo'd of time. "Being solicited or tempted by the present times" (Dowden). Tyler connects it with *slander*, and explains the passage thus: "Slander coming under the soothing influence of time will show thy worth to be greater," or "slander will turn to praise in course of time, and your true character will shine forth." This seems, on the whole, more plausible, but neither explanation is convincing. Verity explains it as = "tempted by thy youth;" comparing line 9 and *Sonn.* 12. 3, 4. Steevens quotes Jonson, *Every Man Out of his Humour*, prol.: "Oh, how I hate the monstrousness of time" (that is, the times). Staunton conjectures "crime" for *time.*

7. *Canker.* The canker-worm; as in 35. 4 above, and 95. 2, 99. 12 below. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 45, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 3, etc.

10. *Charg'd.* Attacked; repeating *assail'd.*

12. *To tie up.* As to tie up, that is, silence. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 206: "Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently." See also *R. and J.* iv. 5. 32 and *M. for M.* iii. 2. 199. *Enlarg'd* = set at large, given free scope. Hales writes to Dowden on this passage: "Surely a reference here to the *Faerie Queene*, end of book vi. Calidore ties up the Blatant Beast; after a time he breaks his iron chain, 'and got into the world at liberty again,' that is, is *evermore enlarg'd.*" It seems to me doubtful whether S. had this in mind.

14. *Owe.* Own, possess. Cf. 18. 10 above.

LXXI

As Tyler remarks, "the melancholy train of thought, interrupted by the last two sonnets, reappears" — which tends to confirm the supposition that 69 and 70 are out of place.

2. *The surly sullen bell.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 102: —

> "as a sullen bell
> Remember'd knolling a departed friend;"

R. and J. iv. 5. 88: "sullen dirges;" and Milton, *Il Pens.* 76: "Swinging slow with sullen roar" (the curfew bell).

4. *Vilest.* The quarto has "vildest." *Vild* is an old form of *vile*, found often in the early eds.

10. *Compounded am with clay.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 116: "Only compound me with forgotten dust." See also *Ham.* iv. 1. 236.

LXXII

A continuation of 71.

4. *Prove.* Find; as in *R. of L.* 613: "When they in thee the like offences prove," etc. See also 153. 7 below.

5. *Virtuous lie.* Cf. Horace's "splendide mendax." Verity quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, iii. 2: —

> "Of such a feigned crime as Tasso calls
> *Magnanima mensogna*, a noble lie."

6. *Desert.* For the rhyme, cf. 14. 12, 17. 2, and 49. 10 above.

7. *I.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 321: "between you and I." The inflections of pronouns are often disregarded in S.

8. *Niggard truth.* Strict truth.

10. *Untrue.* Used adverbially.

14. *So should you.* That is, *be shamed.* *To love* = for loving.

LXXIII

The thought of death (in 71, 72) suggests his declining age.

2. *Yellow leaves.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 23: —

> "my way of life
> Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf."

4. *Ruin'd choirs.* The quarto has "rn'wd quiers;" corrected in the ed. of 1640. Steevens remarks: "The image was probably suggested by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothic aisle and an avenue of trees whose upper branches meet and form an arch overhead, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque."

8. *Death's second self.* Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 31: "the ape of death," etc.

9. *The glowing of such fire,* etc. Malone remarks that Gray perhaps remembered these lines when he wrote "Even in our ashes live [not "glow," as Malone quotes it] their wonted fires."

12. *Consum'd,* etc. "Wasting away on the dead ashes which once nourished it with living flame" (Dowden).

LXXIV

Closely connected with 73.

1. *That fell arrest.* Capell quotes *Ham.* v. 2. 347: —

> "Had I but time — as this fell sergeant, death,
> Is strict in his arrest."

2. *Without all.* See on 68. 10 above.

6. *Consecrate.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 134: "this body, consecrate to thee," etc.

7. *His.* Its; as in 9. 10 and 14. 6 above.

11. *The coward conquest*, etc. Dowden asks: "Does S. merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe's death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to dissection of dead bodies? Or is it 'confounding age's cruel knife' of 63. 10?" If not a merely figurative expression, like this last, the key to it is probably in the first question above: this life which is at the mercy of any base assassin's knife. Palgrave says that the expression "must allude to anatomical dissections, then recently revived in Europe by Vesalius, Fallopius, Paré, and others." This seems to me extremely improbable.

13, 14. *The worth*, etc. "The worth of that (my body) is that which it contains (my spirit), and that (my spirit) is this (my poems)" (Dowden).

LXXV

This sonnet and the two that follow, as Tyler suggests, seem to form a distinct group, accompanying the present referred to in 77.

2. *Sweet-season'd.* "Seasonable and refreshing" (Tyler); or "well tempered, soft, gentle" (Schmidt). The hyphen is due to Malone.

3. *The peace of you.* "The peace, content, to be found in you; antithesis to *strife*" (Dowden); or "the peaceable possession of you" (Tyler).

6. *Doubting.* Suspecting, fearing. Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 42: "I doubt he be not well," etc.

10. *Clean.* Quite, completely; as often. On the line, cf. 47. 3 above.

11, 12. *Possessing or pursuing*, etc. That is, possessing no de-

light save what is had, and pursuing none save what must be taken from you. Cf. 27. 13 above. For *took*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 131: "Stumbling in fear, was took," etc. S. also uses *taken* (or *ta'en*) for the participle.

14. *Or gluttoning*, etc. That is, either having a surplus of food or none at all.

LXXVI

Possibly referring to criticisms that had been made on his sonnets; or it may be merely an apology to his friend for the monotony of them. Tyler, who assumes a possible allusion to the "rival poet" of 78–80 in this sonnet, thinks that in line 4 there may be a reference to "the novel compound words employed by Chapman to express Homeric epithets."

1. *New pride.* Novel poetical forms, etc.

6. *In a noted weed.* "In a dress by which it is always known, as those persons are who always wear the same colours" (Steevens). For *weed*, see on 2. 4 above; and for *noted*, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 21: "the antique and well noted face," etc. For *invention*, see on 38. 8 above. For a comical Baconian comment on this passage, see *Appendix* under "The Sonnets and the Baconian Theory."

7. *Tell.* The quarto has "fel," and Lintott "fell;" corrected by Malone. *That* = so that; as in 98. 4 below.

8. *Where.* Capell conjectured "whence;" but cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 15, *A. and C.* ii. 1. 18, etc.

LXXVII

"'Probably,' says Steevens, 'this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper.' 'This conjecture,' says Malone, 'appears to me extremely probable.' If I might hazard a conjecture, it would be that Shakspere, who had perhaps begun a new manuscript-book with Sonnet 75, and who, as I suppose, apologized for the monotony of his verses in 76, here ceased to write, knowing that his friend was favouring a rival, and

invited his friend to fill up the blank pages himself (see on 12 below). Beauty, Time, and Verse formed the theme of many of Shakspere's sonnets; now that he will write no more, he commends his friend to his *glass*, where he may discover the truth about his *beauty;* to the *dial*, where he may learn the progress of *time;* and to this *book*, which he himself — not Shakspere — must fill. C. A. Brown and Henry Brown treat this sonnet as an *Envoy*" (Dowden). That the sonnet refers to the present of a blank-book to his friend seems quite certain, but I cannot believe that it was partly filled with Shakespeare's poems. That the dial and mirror were also included in the gift is possible but not probable — unless *Thy* in lines 1 and 2 should be "The," as in 3. The meaning may simply be that, while his friend's mirror and sun-dial may remind him that he is growing old, his memory is also liable to fail, and thoughts and feelings that he would secure from oblivion had better be committed to writing.

4. *This learning.* That time flies.

6. *Mouthed graves.* "All-devouring graves" (Malone). Cf. *V. and A.* 757: "What is thy body but a swallowing grave?"

7. *Shady stealth.* That is, the stealthy motion of the shadow.

8. *Time's thievish progress.* Cf. *A. IV.* ii. 1. 169: "the thievish minutes," etc.

9. *Contain.* Retain, as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 201, etc.

10. *Blanks.* The quarto has "blacks;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Theobald and Capell).

12. Dowden remarks: "Perhaps this is said with some feeling of wounded love — my verses have grown monotonous and wearisome; write yourself, and you will find novelty in your own thoughts when once delivered from your brain and set down by your pen. Perhaps, also, 'this learning mayst thou taste' (4) is suggested by the fact that S. is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you learning; but set down your own thoughts, and you will find learning in them." For myself, I cannot see any allusion to the rival poet in this sonnet.

LXXVIII

Here we have clear reference to a rival poet or poets.

3. *As every alien pen*, etc. That every other poet has acquired my habit of writing to you. In the quarto *alien* is in italics and begins with a capital. See on 20. 8 above.

4. *Under thee.* Under thy favour or patronage, or, perhaps, the hope of gaining it. *Disperse* = scatter abroad, or publish.

6. *Heavy ignorance.* As Malone notes, the expression occurs again in *Oth.* ii. 1. 144. Herford remarks that lines 5, 6 are "more naturally understood of S. himself than of the rival poet."

7. *The learned's wing.* Dyce compares Spenser, *Teares of the Muses*:—

> "Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
> And doth the learned's task upon him take."

Learned favours the theory that Chapman was the poet.

9. *Compile.* Compose, write; the only sense in S. Cf. 85. 2 below; and see also *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 134, v. 2. 52, 896.

10. *Influence.* Inspiration; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2, 869. Cf. 15. 4, where it is used in its literal and astrological sense.

12. *Arts.* Learning, letters. Cf. 14. 10 and 66. 9 above. Tyler thinks that here "poetical style" is meant.

13. *Advance.* Raise, lift up; as often.

LXXIX

The subject of the rival poet is directly continued, I think; but Dowden regards it as "a continuation of *Sonn.* 76."

5. *Thy lovely argument.* The *argument* or theme of your loveliness. See on 38. 3 above.

6. *Travail.* The ed. of 1640 has "travel." The two forms are used indiscriminately in the early eds. without regard to the meaning.

7. *Thy poet.* The rival, of course,

13. *Then thank him not*, etc. Cf. what S. says of himself in 38. 5 and elsewhere.

LXXX

The same subject is continued in this and the next sonnet.

2. *A better spirit.* For the conjectures as to this *better spirit*, see p. 43 above. *Spirit* is monosyllabic, as often. Cf. 74. 8 above.

7. *My saucy bark*, etc. Tyler quotes *T. and C.* i. 3. 35–45 and ii. 3. 277. On the passage, cf. 86. 1.

10. *Soundless.* Unfathomable. In the only other instance in S. (*J. C.* v. 1. 36) it is = dumb.

11. *Wrack'd.* The quarto has "wrackt." See on 65. 6 above.

14. *My love was my decay.* That is, the cause of my being *cast away;* because it was my *love* that prompted me to write.

LXXXI

1. *Or.* Either. Staunton conjectures "Whe'r" (= Whether). See on 59. 11 above.

12. *The breathers of this world.* Those who are now living. Malone compares *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 297: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself." Walker proposes to point as follows: —

> "shall o'er-read,
> And tongues to be your being shall rehearse;
> When all the breathers of this world are dead,
> You still shall live," etc.;

but, as Dowden remarks, it is rare with S. to let the verse run on without a pause at the twelfth line of the sonnet.

LXXXII

The poet admits (perhaps in reply to something his friend had said) that he had no exclusive right to be his poetic eulogist.

2. *Attaint.* Blame, discredit. Cf. the verb in 88. 7 below. *O'erlook* = peruse; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 121, *Lear*, v. 1. 50, etc.

3. *Dedicated words.* Perhaps referring to an actual or proposed dedication of a book.

5. *Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue.* "S. had celebrated his friend's beauty (hue); perhaps his learned rival had celebrated the patron's knowledge; such excellence reached 'a limit past the praise' of Shakspere, who knew small Latin and less Greek" (Dowden). Tyler adds: "Subsequently, in the title to a sonnet accompanying his translation of the *Iliad*, Chapman addressed Pembroke as 'the Learned and Most Noble Patron of Learning,' and the sonnet celebrates Pembroke's 'god-like learning.'"

8. *The time-bettering days.* Cf. 32. 10: "this growing age."

10. *Strained.* Forced, overwrought. Surely, some of Shakespeare's laudation of his friend is sufficiently *strained.*

11. *Sympathiz'd.* Described sympathetically, or with true appreciation. Cf. *R. of L.* 1113:—

> "True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
> When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd."

The meaning seems to be: thy nature, which is truly fair, needs no forced rhetoric to set it off, but is best described in the plain language of simple truth.

LXXXIII

The theme of 82 is continued. Mr. Samuel Neil (*Life of S.* 1863), who believes that some of the *Sonnets* were addressed to Queen Elizabeth, mentions 83–86 and 106 as examples.

2. *Fair.* Beauty. See on 16. 11 above.

5. *And therefore have I slept*, etc. And therefore I have ceased to sound your praises.

7. *Modern.* The word in S. regularly means "ordinary, commonplace," and that is probably the sense here; but Tyler takes it to be = more recent, and compares 82. 8.

8. *Grow.* Probably = be, exist; as in 84. 4 and often. Tyler thinks it may mean "grow as a poet contemplates," or "may allude to Mr. W. H.'s still immature youth."

What. Malone conjectured "that."

12. *Bring a tomb.* Dowden compares 17. 3 above.

LXXXIV

The subject of the rival poet is continued in 84–86.

3. *In whose confine*, etc. You are without a parallel and can be compared only with yourself. For *store*, cf. 14. 12.

6. *His.* Its; as in 9. 10, 14. 6, and 74. 7 above.

8. *Story.* Most eds. put a comma after this word. I unhesitatingly retain the pointing of the quarto, which Dowden also thinks may be right. *So* = thus.

11. *Fame.* Make famous. Elsewhere S. uses only the participle *famed.*

14. *Being fond on.* Doting on. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 266: "More fond on her than she upon her love." See also the verb (though Schmidt thinks it may as well be the adjective) in *T. N.* ii. 2. 35: —

> " my master loves her dearly;
> And I, poor monster, fond as much on him."

LXXXV

1. *Tongue-tied Muse.* Cf. 80. 4 above.

2. *Compil'd.* See on 78. 9 above.

3. *Reserve their character.* Probably corrupt. The Cambridge ed. records (and Tyler adopts) the plausible anonymous conjecture, "Rehearse thy" (or "your"). Dowden suggests "Deserve their character" (= deserve to be written). Malone makes *reserve* = preserve (cf. 32. 7 above), but does not tell us what "preserve their character" can mean here.

4. *Fil'd.* Polished (as with a file). Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 12: "his tongue filed." See also on 86. 13 below.

6. *Unletter'd.* Since the *clerk*, whether *lettered* or *unlettered*, responds *Amen*, the word must have some special significance. The meaning may be that he endorses the eulogies with as little

hesitation as the clerk does the Latin to which he cries *Amen*, though he may not understand it.

11. *But that.* That is, what I *add.*

LXXXVI

1. *Proud full sail.* Cf. 80. 6 above. As Minto notes, this suits well the grand fourteen-syllable lines of Chapman's *Iliad.* Fleay, who believes that Nash was the rival poet, sees here an "ironical reference to a prosaic sonnet by Nash in *Prince Pennilesse*, accompanying a complaint that Amyntas's (Southampton's?) name is omitted in the Sonnet Catalogue of English heroes appended to Spenser's *F. Q.*" Nash uses the words "full sail" in that connection.

Furnivall remarks: "'The proud full sail of his great verse' probably alludes to the swelling hexameters of Chapman's englishing of Homer. 'His spirit, by spirits taught to write,' may well refer to Chapman's claim that Homer's spirit inspired him, a claim made, no doubt, in words, before its appearance in print in his *Tears of Peace*, 1609: —

> 'I am, said he [Homer], *that spirit Elysian,*
> That . . . *did thy bosom fill*
> *With such a flood* of soul, that thou wert fain,
> *With exclamations of her rapture then,*
> To vent it to the echoes of the vale, . . .
> . . . and *thou didst inherit*
> *My true sense,* for the time then, *in my spirit;*
> *And I invisibly went prompting thee.*' . . .

See, too, on Shakspere's sneer at his rival's 'affable familiar ghost, which nightly gulls him with intelligence,' Chapman's Dedication to his *Shadow of Night* (1594), p. 3, 'not without having drops of their souls like an awaked *familiar*,' and in his *Tears of Peace*: —

> 'Still being persuaded by the shameless night,
> That all my reading, writing, all my pains,
> Are serious trifles, and the idle veins
> Of *an unthrifty angel that deludes*
> *My simple fancy.*' . . .

These make a better case for Chapman being the rival than has been made for any one else."

Dowden says: "No Elizabethan poet wrote ampler verse, none scorned 'ignorance' more, or more haughtily asserted his learning than Chapman. In *The Tears of Peace* (1609), Homer as a spirit visits and inspires him; the claim to such inspiration may have been often made by the translator of Homer in earlier years. Chapman was preëminently the poet of Night. *The Shadow of Night*, with the motto 'Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis,' appeared in 1594; the title page describes it as containing 'two poeticall *Hymnes*.' In the dedication Chapman assails unlearned 'passion-driven men,' 'hide-bound with affection to great men's fancies,' and ridicules the alleged eternity of their 'idolatrous platts for riches.' 'Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves, that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others, but with invocation, fasting, watching.' Of Chapman's Homer a part appeared in 1596; dedicatory sonnets in a later edition are addressed to both Southampton and Pembroke."

3. *Inhearse.* Enclose as in a coffin; found again in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 45.

4. *Making their tomb the womb*, etc. Malone compares *R. and J.* ii. 3. 9 : —

> "The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
> What is her burying grave, that is her womb."

See also *Per.* ii. 3. 45 : —

> "Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men:
> He 's both their parent and he is their grave;"

and Milton, *P. L.* ii. 911 : "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." We find the same thought in Lucretius, v. 259 : "Omniparens eadem rerum commune sepulcrum."

8. *Astonished.* Stunned as by a thunderstroke. Cf. *R. of L.* 1730 : "Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed," etc.

13. *Fill'd up his line.* Malone, Steevens, and Dyce read "fil'd," etc. Steevens cites *Jonson, Verses on Shakespeare:* "In his well-torned and true-filed lines." But, as Dowden notes, *fill'd up his line* is opposed to *then lack'd I matter.* The quarto has "fild," as in 17. 2 and 63. 3; while it has "fil'd" in 85. 4.

14. *Lack'd I matter.* Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 103: "Then will Ajax lack matter."

LXXXVII

"Increasing coldness on his friend's part brings S. to the point of declaring that all is over between them. This sonnet in form is distinguished by double-rhymes throughout" (Dowden); but this is not true of lines 2 and 4.

4. *Determinate.* "Determined, ended, out of date. The term is used in legal conveyances" (Malone). Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 150. See also the noun in *Sonn.* 13. 6. Schmidt explains the word as = "limited;" as in *T. N.* ii. 1. 11: "my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy."

6. *Riches.* Singular; as the word originally and properly was (Fr. *richesse*). Cf. *alms;* a true singular, as S. makes it.

8. *Patent.* Privilege; the *charter* of 3 above. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 80: "my virgin patent;" *A. W.* iv. 5. 69: "a patent for his sauciness," etc.

11. *Misprision.* Mistake, error. Cf. *Much Ado,* iv. 1. 187: "There is some strange misprision in the princes," etc. For *growing,* see on 83. 8 above.

14. *No such matter.* Nothing of the kind. Cf. *Much Ado,* ii. 3. 225: "the sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter," etc.

LXXXVIII

A continuation of 87, as 89 and 90 also are.

1. *Set me light.* Set light by me, esteem me lightly. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 293: "The man that mocks at it and sets it light."

3. *Against myself.* Cf. 149. 2.

4. *Forsworn.* As virtually pledged to lasting friendship.

7. *Attainted.* See on 82. 2 above.

8. *Shalt.* The quarto has "shall;" corrected by Sewell. *That* = so that; as in 76. 7, etc.

12. *Double-vantage.* The hyphen was inserted by Malone. The meaning seems to be that any benefit he can do to himself, though it be to his own injury, he counts as a double gain.

LXXXIX

2. *Comment.* Enlarge, expatiate.

3. *My lameness.* See on 37. 3 above.

6. *To set a form*, etc. By giving a good semblance to the change which you desire; the "indefinite" infinitive. Palgrave makes it = "by defining the change you desire." Dowden compares *M. N. D.* i. 1. 233.

8. *I will acquaintance strangle.* "I will put an end to our familiarity" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 150: "That makes thee strangle thy propriety" (disavow thy personality); *A. and C.* ii. 6. 130: "the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity." Malone calls *strangle* "uncouth;" but, as Knight asks, "why is any word called *uncouth* which expresses a meaning more clearly and forcibly than any other word? The miserable affectation of the last age, in rejecting words that in sound appeared not to harmonize with the mincing prettiness of polite conversation, emasculated our language; and it will take some time to restore it to its ancient nervousness." For *look strange*, cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 295: "Why look you strange on me?"

13. *Debate.* Contest, quarrel; the only meaning in S. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 116: —

> "And this same progeny of evils comes
> From our debate, from our dissension."

XC

6. *The rearward*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 128: —

> "Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
> Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
> Strike at thy life."

7. *Give not a windy night*, etc. Referring to the fact that wind often precedes rain. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 55, *R. of L.* 1788, etc.

13. *Strains of woe.* Dowden quotes *Much Ado*, v. 1. 12: —

> "Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
> And let it answer every strain for strain."

XCI

The beginning of a new group, including 92–96.

3. *New-fangled ill.* Fashionable but ugly. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 106 and *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 152.

4. *Horse.* A contracted plural (as line 11 indicates); as in *Macb.* iv. 1. 140, *T. of S.* ind. 1. 61, etc. Cf. *sense* in 112. 10 below.

9. *Better.* The quarto has "bitter;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

XCII

10. *On thy revolt doth lie.* Hangs upon thy faithlessness. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 188: "The smallest doubt or fear of her revolt," etc.

13. *Blessed-fair.* Hyphened by Malone.

XCIII

3. *New.* To something new or different; that is, aversion or hate.

7. *In many's looks.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 91: "in many's eyes" (omitted by Schmidt). On the passage, cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 11, i. 7. 83.

11. *Whate'er.* The quarto has "what ere;" corrected by Gildon.

XCIV

"In 93 Shakspere has described his friend as able to show a sweet face while harbouring false thoughts; the subject is enlarged on in the present sonnet. They who can hold their passions in check, who can seem loving yet keep a cool heart, who move passion in others, yet are cold and unmoved themselves — they rightly inherit from heaven large gifts, for they husband them; whereas passionate intemperate natures squander their endowments; those who can assume this or that semblance as they see reason are the masters and owners of their faces; others have no property in such excellences as they possess, but hold them for the advantage of the prudent self-contained persons. True, these self-contained persons may seem to lack generosity; but, then, without making voluntary gifts they give inevitably, even as the summer's flower is sweet to the summer, though it live and die only to itself. Yet, let such an one beware of corruption, which makes odious the sweetest flowers" (Dowden).

2–8. *That do not*, etc. Tyler compares what Hamlet says to Horatio (iii. 2. 70–76): —

> "Thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing," etc.

For the corruption of such a character, Tyler refers to Angelo in *M. for M.*

4. *Cold.* The quarto has "could;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

6. *Expense.* Expenditure, waste. Cf. 129. 1 below.

8. *Stewards.* "And so responsible; not *lords and owners*, having absolute possession" (Verity).

11. *Base.* Staunton conjectures "foul," and Walker "barest" for *basest* in the next line; but I see no necessity for either change. *Base* is used very often by S. in the general sense of mean, bad, vile, etc. Cf. 33. 5, 34. 3, 74. 12, 141. 6, etc.

14. *Lilies*, etc. This line is found also in *Edw. III.* ii. 1, the passage being as follows: —

"A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory, that inclines to sin,
The same is treble by the opposite."

The scene is one that some critics ascribe to S. The play was first printed in 1596. See also on 142. 6 below. *Fester* = rot; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 88 and *R. and J.* iv. 3. 43. On the passage, cf. 69. 12.

Dowden compares with this sonnet *T. N.* iii. 4. 399 fol.: "But O how vile an idol," etc.

XCV

Continues 94, as 96 also does.

2. *Canker.* See on 35. 4 above.

6. *Sport.* Sensuality, licentiousness; as in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 127, *Oth.* ii. 1. 230, etc. Cf. *sportive* in 121. 6.

8. *Naming thy name,* etc. Steevens compares *A. and C.* ii. 2. 243: —

"for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish."

12. *Turn.* The quarto has "turnes;" corrected by Sewell. On the passage, cf. 40. 13.

XCVI

2. *Gentle sport.* Cf. 95. 6 above. *Gentle* may mean "gentlemanly;" that is, as *some say,* or call it.

3. *More and less.* High and low; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 68: "The more and less came in with cap and knee."

6. *Basest.* See on 94. 11 above.

10. *If like a lamb*, etc. "If he could change his natural look, and assume the innocent visage of a lamb" (Malone). As Dowden notes, the thought of 9, 10 is expressed in different imagery in 93. For *translate* = transform, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 113: "translate beauty into his likeness."

12. *The strength of all thy state.* "Used periphrastically, and = all thy strength" (Schmidt). Dowden makes *state* = "majesty, splendour," and Tyler "noble beauty."

13, 14. The same couplet closes *Sonn.* 36. See p. 13 above.

XCVII

Sonnets 96–99 seem unconnected with those preceding and following. I doubt whether they have anything to do with "Mr. W. H." or are addressed to a man. See p. 13 above. Since the Introduction was written I see that Hudson (*Life, Art, and Characters of S.*) declares his belief that *Sonn.* 97–99, also those punning on the name of *Will*, together with 109–117, were addressed to Anne Hathaway. He is satisfied that when S. wrote these sonnets, "his thoughts were travelling home to the bride of his youth and mother of his children."

5. *This time remov'd.* "This time in which I was *remote* or absent from thee" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 92: "a twenty years removed thing."

6. *The teeming autumn*, etc. Malone compares *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 112: "The childing autumn," etc.

7. *Prime.* Spring; as in *R. of L.* 332: "To add a more rejoicing to the prime."

10. *Hope of orphans.* Probably = hope of posthumous offspring, as Tyler makes it.

13. *Cheer.* Face, countenance; its original sense; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 96: "pale of cheer," etc. Schmidt puts it under *cheer* = "cheerfulness,"

XCVIII

2. *Proud-pied April.* April in its richly variegated apparel. For *pied*, cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904 : "daisies pied," etc. On the passage, cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 27 : —

> "Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
> When well-apparell'd April on the heel
> Of limping winter treads."

S. refers to *April* oftener than to any other month ; both for its flowers and vernal beauty, and for its uncertain and showery weather. For allusions in the *Sonnets*, cf. 3. 10, 21. 7, and 104. 7. *May*, however, is a "close second." *March* comes next (12 times), but only on account of the "Ides of March" in *J. C.*, where 10 of the passages occur. *December* is mentioned 7 times, *June* 4, *July* 3, *January* and *August* twice, and *February* once ; the other three months not at all.

4. *That.* So that ; as in 76. 7 above. *Heavy Saturn* = "the gloomy side of nature ; or the saturnine spirit in life" (Palgrave).

6. *Different flowers in*, etc. That is, flowers different in, etc. Cf. 44. 6 above.

7. *Summer's story.* Malone remarks : "By a *summer's story* S. seems to have meant some *gay fiction*. Thus his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls a *Midsummer* Night's Dream. On the other hand, in *W. T.* he tells us 'a *sad tale's* best for *winter*.' So also in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 12 : —

> 'If 't be summer news,
> Smile to 't before ; if winterly, thou need'st
> But keep that countenance still.'"

Dowden asks : "But is not *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* so named because on Midsummer Eve men's dreams ran riot, ghosts were visible, maidens practised divination for husbands, and 'midsummer madness' (*T. N.* iii. 4. 61) reached its height ?" Here, however, as *summer's story* is immediately connected with the men-

tion of *spring* and *April* above, we should expect "springtime story," or its equivalent.

9. *Lily's.* The quarto has "lillies," which was probably meant to be the possessive; but Malone, Tyler, and others retain it as the objective plural. *Lily's white* seems more in keeping with *vermilion in the rose;* but the question is a close one after all, as often in choosing between possible interpretations of the *Sonnets.*

11. *They were but sweet,* etc. "The poet refuses to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend" (Steevens). Malone would read "They were, my sweet," etc. Lettsom proposes "They were but fleeting figures of delight." These are only impertinent meddlings with the original text.

XCIX

This sonnet has fifteen lines, like one of the sonnets in Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe,* as Dowden notes.

3. *Purple.* Red. The word is often used loosely, like the Latin *purpureus.*

6. *Condemned for thy hand.* Condemned for stealing the whiteness of thy hand.

7. *And buds of marjoram,* etc. Dowden compares Suckling's *Tragedy of Brennoralt,* iv. 1: —

> "Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of marjoram;
> Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing."

He adds: "Mr. H. C. Hart tells me that buds of marjoram are dark purple-red before they open, and afterwards pink; dark auburn I suppose would be the nearest approach to marjoram in the colour of hair. Mr. Hart suggests that the marjoram has stolen not colour but *perfume* from the young man's hair. Gervase Markham gives sweet marjoram as an ingredient in 'The water of sweet smells,' and Culpepper says 'marjoram is much used in all odoriferous waters.' Cole (*Adam in Eden,* ed. 1657) says 'Marjerome

is a chief ingredient in most of those powders that Barbers use, in whose shops I have seen great store of this herb hung up.'"

8. *On thorns did stand.* A quibbling allusion to the proverbial expression, "to stand on thorns." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 596: "But O the thorns we stand upon!"

9. *One.* The quarto has "Our;" corrected by Sewell. For *blushing*, cf. *R. of L.* 479.

13. *Canker.* See on 35. 4 above.

15. *Sweet.* Walker conjectures "scent."

C

An invocation to the Muse, written after a suspension of sonnet-writing.

3. *Fury.* Poetic enthusiasm or inspiration. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 229: "what fury hath inspir'd thee now?" So we have "prophetic fury" in *Oth.* iii. 4. 72. See also "poet's rage" in 17. 11 above, and the "fine frenzy" of *M. N. D.* v. 1. 12.

4. *Darkening.* Sullying, degrading.

9. *Resty.* Too fond of *rest*, lazy, torpid; as in *Cymb.* iii. 6. 34: "resty sloth," etc. Dyce quotes Coles, *Latin Dict.*: "Resty, *piger, lentus.*"

11. *Satire.* Satirist. Walker quotes Jonson, *Masque of Time Vindicated*: "'T is Chronomastix, the brave satyr;" *Poetaster*, v. 1: "The honest satyr hath the happiest soul" [*satyr* and *satire* were used interchangeably in this sense]; Goffe, *Courageous Turk*, ii. 3: —

> "Poor men may love, and none their wills correct,
> But all turn satires of a king's affect;"

Shirley, *Witty Fair One*, i. 3: "prithee, Satire, choose another walk," etc. Tyler paraphrases thus: "Cause decay to be disregarded and contemned, by conferring eternal fame."

14. *So thou prevent'st*, etc. "So by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons" (Steevens).

CI

A continuation of the address to the Muse.

3. *Truth and beauty.* Cf. 14. 11, 14, 54. 1, 2, *Phœnix and Turtle*, 64, etc.

6. *His colour.* That of my friend.

7. *Lay.* That is, lay on, like a painter's colours. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 258: —

> "'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

11. *Him.* Changed to "her" in the ed. of 1640; as *him* and *he* in 14 to "her" and "she."

CII

Here the poet excuses his temporary silence, and continues the subject in 103.

3. *That love is merchandiz'd,* etc. That is, it is degraded by being treated as a "thing of sale." See on 21. 14 above; and cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 13: —

> "my beauty, though but mean,
> Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
> Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
> Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues."

7. *In summer's front.* In the beginning of summer. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 3: "Peering in April's front."

8. *Her pipe.* The quarto has "his pipe;" corrected by Housman (*Coll. of Eng. Sonnets*, 1835). Tyler retains "his," though he refers to the *her* in 10.

9. *Not that the summer,* etc. Capell quotes *M. of V.* v. 1. 104: —

> "The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician then the wren."

12. *Sweets grown common,* etc. Cf. 52. 3, 4. See also *T. N.* i. 1. 8: "'T is not so sweet now as it was before."

CIII

1. *Poverty.* The abstract for the concrete.

2. *Her pride.* The power of which she is proud.

3. *The argument all bare.* The mere *theme* of my verse.

7. *Blunt.* Dull, clumsy.

8. *Dulling my lines.* Proving them inadequate.

9. *Striving to mend,* etc. Cf. *Lear,* i. 4. 369: "Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well."

11. *Pass.* Issue, result; but not a figure from fencing, as has been suggested.

CIV

The poet has now seen his friend, and refers to the *three years* since they first became acquainted.

3. *Winters.* Dyce reads "winters'," which may be right, though the plural verb is rather in favour of the text.

4. *Summers' pride.* Steevens cites *R. and J.* i. 2. 10: "Let two more summers wither in their pride."

10. *Steal from his figure.* Creep away from the figure on the dial. Cf. 77. 7 above. The reference here seems to be to a clock, not to a sun-dial.

CV

"To the beauty praised in 100, and the truth and beauty in 101, S. now adds a third perfection, kindness; and these three sum up the perfections of his friend" (Dowden).

1. *Let not my love,* etc. "Because the continual repetition of the same praises seemed like a form of worship" (Walker). Cf. 108. 1–8.

8. *Leaves out difference.* Omits reference to other qualities.

9. *Fair, kind, and true.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 53 fol.

14. *Never kept seat.* Gildon reads "never sate," and Sewell "have never sate."

CVI

Loosely connected with the preceding sonnet.

1. *Chronicle.* Hales (quoted by Dowden) asks: "What *chronicle* is he thinking of? The *Faerie Queene?*" *The chronicle of wasted time* may be simply = the history of the past.

2. *Wights.* Persons. The word is seldom used by S. except for the sake of rhyme, as here and in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 178; or in the style of the old ballads, as in *Oth.* ii. 1. 159, ii. 3. 96, etc. He puts it also into the mouth of Pistol (*M. W.* i. 3. 23, 40, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 64). In *T. and C.* iv. 2. 12 it is feminine.

7. *Antique.* For the accent, see on 19. 10 and 59. 7.

8. *Master.* Possess, control; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 137: "these he masters now," etc.

9. Dowden compares Constable's *Diana*: —

> "Miracle of the world, I never will deny
> That former poets praise the beauty of their days;
> But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,
> And all those poets did of thee but prophesy."

11. *And, for they look'd.* And because they looked. See on 54. 9 above. *With divining eyes;* that is, only guessing at what was to come.

12. *Skill.* The quarto has "still;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt and Capell).

CVII

"Continues the celebration of his friend, and rejoices in their restored affection. Mr. Massey explains this sonnet as a song of triumph for the death of Elizabeth, and the deliverance of Southampton from the Tower. Elizabeth (Cynthia) is the eclipsed mortal moon of line 5; cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 153: —

> 'Alack, our terrene moon [Cleopatra]
> Is now eclips'd.'

But an earlier reference to a moon-eclipse (35. 3) has to do with his friend, not with Elizabeth, and in the present sonnet the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright. I interpret (as Mr. Simpson does, in his *Philosophy of Shakspere's Sonnets*, p. 79): 'Not my own fears (that my friend's beauty may be on the wane)(see 104. 9–14) nor the prophetic soul of the world, prophesying in the persons of dead knights and ladies your perfections (see 106), and so prefiguring your death, can confine my lease of love to a brief term of years. Darkness and fears are past, the augurs of ill find their predictions falsified, doubts are over, peace has come in place of strife; the love in my heart is fresh and young (see 108. 9), and I have conquered Death, for in this verse we both shall find life in the memories of men'" (Dowden). If the *moon* is Elizabeth (which is probable) the reference may be to the Rebellion of Essex.

1. *Prophetic soul.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 40: "O, my prophetic soul!"

4. *Suppos'd as forfeit,* etc. Supposed to be a limited lease.

Confin'd. For the accent, see on 33. 7. For the ordinary accent, cf. 105. 7 and 110. 12.

5. *Eclipse.* See on 60. 7 above.

6. *Mock their own presage.* "Laugh at the futility of their own predictions" (Steevens).

7. *Incertainties.* Cf. 115. 11 below, and *W. T.* iii. 2. 170. These are the only instances of the word in S., and *uncertainty* also occurs three times.

8. *And peace proclaims,* etc. "The peace completed early in 1609, which ended the war between Spain and the United Provinces, might answer to the tone of this sonnet" (Palgrave). *Of endless age* = to last indefinitely.

9. *This most balmy time.* Apparently alluding to the weather at the time when he writes.

10. *My love looks fresh.* Dowden is doubtful whether this means "the love in my heart," or "my love" = my friend. On the whole, the former seems the more probable. Cf. 104. 8 and 108. 9.

Subscribes. Yields, submits. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 81, etc.

12. *Insults o'er*, etc. Exults or triumphs over the hosts of the vulgar dead. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 14: "insulting o'er his prey."

CVIII

The poet's verse has but one theme, and has not that been exhausted? Cf. *Sonn.* 86, where the answer is similar.

3. *New to register.* The quarto has "now" for *new;* corrected by Malone. Walker would read "What 's now to speak, what now," etc.

5. *Sweet boy.* The ed. of 1640 has "sweet-love." *Prayers divine;* that is, to God, as in a ritual.

9. *Love's fresh case.* "Love's new condition and circumstances, the new youth of love spoken of in 107. 10" (Dowden). Malone takes it to be a reference to the poet's own compositions. Verity thinks the meaning is: "In the case of love which is ever fresh." Tyler explains thus: "Though a change may have occurred in the appearance of the beloved one, placing the lover consequently in a 'fresh case,' a new position." It is a close question between the possible interpretations.

12. *Antiquity.* The past (of their friendship).

13, 14. *Finding*, etc. "Finding the first conception of love — that is, love as passionate as at first — excited by one whose years and outward form show the effects of age" (Dowden). "The first conceit of love is still produced, where, to the ordinary eye, the power to charm is gone" (Tyler).

CIX

This sonnet seems to refer to scandalous reports concerning the poet's life during the absence from his friend.

2. *Qualify.* Temper, moderate. Cf. *R. of L.* 424: —

> "His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
> Slack'd, not suppress'd," etc.

4. *In thy breast.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 826: "Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast." See also *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 121, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 204, etc.

5. *My home of love*, etc. Malone compares *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 170: —

> "My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
> And now to Helen is it home return'd."

Rang'd = gone astray, been inconstant. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 1. 91.

7. *Just to the time*, etc. "Punctual to the time, not altered with the time" (Dowden); the only instance of this sense of *exchanged* in S.

11. *Stain'd.* Staunton conjectures "strain'd."

14. *My rose.* Cf. 1. 2 above for the figure; but here it is somewhat peculiarly applied to the person addressed, if that person is a man. Is it certain that this sonnet and the next are to a man? It has been generally understood as referring to the poet's life as a player; but this is somewhat doubtful.

CX

A continuation of 109, as 111 probably is.

2. *Motley.* A wearer of *motley*, that is, a fool or jester. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 79.

3. *Gor'd mine own thoughts.* That is, done violence to them. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 228: "My fame is shrewdly gor'd," etc.

4. *Made old offences*, etc. "Entered into new friendships and loves which were transgressions against my old love" (Dowden). Verity explains thus: "prostituted my love — a love so new, so unknown to other men, so rare — to the old hackneyed purposes and commonplaces of the stage, made capital out of my emotions, turned my passion to account, sold cheap what is most dear — all this being done in his capacity as actor."

6. *Strangely.* Distantly, mistrustfully. Cf. 49. 5 above.

7. *Blenches.* Startings-aside, aberrations; the only instance of

the noun in S. Cf. the verb in *W. T.* i. 2. 333, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 68, *M. for M.* iv. 5. 5, etc.

9. *Have what shall have no end.* Malone reads "save what" (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt); but *what shall have no end* = my lasting love for you.

10. *Grind*, etc. Whet by newer attachments.

12. *A god in love*, etc. "This line seems to be a reminiscence of the thoughts expressed in 105, and to refer to the First Commandment" (Dowden); but I doubt whether there is such a reference.

13, 14. *Then give me welcome*, etc. It is difficult to believe that this is addressed to a man.

CXI

This sonnet may possibly refer to his life as actor, even if 110 does not.

1. *With.* The quarto has "wish;" corrected by Gildon. For *chide with*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 32, *Oth.* iv. 2. 167, etc.

2. *Harmful.* The ed. of 1640 has "harmlesse."

8. *Renewed.* Made new, completely changed.

10. *Eisel.* Vinegar. Skelton says of Jesus:—

> "He drank eisel and gall
> To redeeme us withal."

Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 299, where the use of the word (if it be the same) has been much disputed.

12. *To correct correction.* "To complete and perfect the correction of my conduct" (Tyler).

CXII

Apparently connected with 111.

4. *O'er-green.* Sewell reads "o'er-skreen," and Steevens conjectures "o'er-grieve." The meaning is clear, though the expres-

sion is peculiar, if not corrupt. *Allow* = approve; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 194: —

> "O heavens,
> If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
> Allow obedience."

Cf. *Psalms*, xi. 6 (Prayer-Book version): "The Lord alloweth the righteous."

5. *Must strive.* Must endeavour to bear.

7. *None else*, etc. "No one living for me except you, nor I alive to any, who can change my feelings fixed as steel either for good or ill — either to pleasure or pain" (Dowden). Malone conjectures "e'er changes," and Knight "so changes." Dyce prints "sense'," both here and in 10 below. In the latter case it is quite certainly the contracted plural (see on 91. 4 above), and perhaps here also.

8. *Right or wrong.* "Either to what is right or to what is wrong" (Steevens).

9. *Abysm.* Printed "*Abisme*" in the quarto. See on 20. 7 above.

10. *Adder's sense.* For other allusions to the proverbial deafness of the adder, see 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 76 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 172.

11. *Critic.* Carper; the only meaning in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 178 and *T. and C.* v. 2. 131; the only other instances in his works.

12. *With . . . dispense.* Excuse. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 103, etc.

13. *So strongly*, etc. "So kept and harbour'd in my thoughts" (Schmidt).

14. *Are dead.* The quarto has "y' are;" corrected by Malone (1780). Dyce and Dowden read "they 're."

CXIII

This sonnet resumes the idea that the image of his friend is found in everything, even what is deformed and monstrous.

1. *My eye is in my mind.* Cf. 47. 7, 8.

3. *Part his function.* Divide its function. Hudson makes *part* = "depart from, forsake;" but *partly* confirms the other explanation.

6. *Latch.* Catch. Cf. *Mach.* iv. 3. 195: "Where hearing should not latch them," etc. The quarto has "lack;" corrected by Malone.

7. *Quick.* Quickly appearing or passing; or "perceived as the eye quickly moves" (Tyler).

10. *Favour.* Countenance, aspect. Cf. 125. 5 below. See also *Proverbs*, xxxi. 30.

14. *Makes mine eye untrue.* The quarto reads "maketh mine untrue," which Malone explains thus: "The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth, that is, my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind"; and White as follows: "maketh the semblance, the fictitious (and so the false or untrue) object which is constantly before me." On the whole, I prefer the reading in the text, which occurred independently to Capell and Malone. Collier suggests "maketh my eyne untrue," and Lettsom "mak'th mine eye untrue."

CXIV

"Continues the subject treated in 113, and inquires why and how it is that his eye gives a false report of objects" (Dowden).

4. *Alchemy.* Printed "*Alcumie*" in the quarto. See on 20. 7 above. For the allusion to alchemy, cf. 33. 4. S. uses the word only in these passages and in *J. C.* i. 3. 159. *Alchemist* occurs in *K. John*, iii. 1. 78 and *T. of A.* v. 1. 117.

5. *Indigest.* Chaotic, formless. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 157: "foul indigested lump;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 51: "an indigested and deformed lump." These are the only instances of the words in S.

6. *Cherubins.* The only form of the plural in S., as *cherubin* is the only singular, except in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50, where *cherub* occurs.

9. *'T is flattery in my seeing.* Dowden quotes *T. N.* i. 5. 238:—

> "I do I know not what, and fear to find
> Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind."

11. *What with his gust is greeing.* What suits its (the eye's) taste. The quarto has *greeing*, not "'greeing," as commonly printed. *Gree* is found in prose ; as in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 108, etc. For *gust*, cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 33: "the gust he hath in quarrelling," etc.

13, 14. As Steevens remarks, the allusion is here to the *tasters* to princes, whose office it was to taste and declare the good quality of dishes and liquors served up. Cf. *K. John*, v. 6. 28: "Who did taste to him?"

CXV

The poet declares that he was wrong when he said that his love could not be greater. It grows stronger and stronger.

8. *Divert strong minds*, etc. Tyler compares *Ham.* iii. 2. 210 fol.

11. *Certain o'er incertainty*, etc. Cf. 107. 7 above.

13. *Might I not say so.* I ought not to have said so.

CXVI

This fine sonnet may or may not belong in the group addressed to Mr. W. H. — probably not.

2. *Impediments.* Alluding to the Marriage Service: "If either of you know any impediment," etc.

Love is not love, etc. Steevens quotes *Lear*, i. 1. 241: —

> "Love 's not love
> When it is mingled with regards that stand
> Aloof from the entire point."

3. *Alteration.* That is, in the loved one.

4. *Or bends*, etc. Or changes with absence.

5. *An ever-fixed mark*, etc. Malone cites *Cor.* v. 3. 74: "Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw." See also *Oth.* v. 2. 268: "And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

8. *Whose worth's unknown*, etc. Apparently, whose stellar influence is unknown, although its angular altitude has been de-

termined (Palgrave); an astrological allusion. Dowden remarks: "The passage seems to mean, As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies. This interpretation is confirmed by the next sonnet (117) in which the simile of sailing at sea is introduced; Shakspere there confesses his wanderings, and adds as his apology—

'I did strive to prove
The *constancy* and *virtue* of your love'—

constancy, the guiding fixedness of love; *virtue*, the 'unknown worth.' Walker proposed 'whose *north* 's unknown,' explaining 'As, by following the guidance of the northern star, a ship may sail an immense way, yet never reach the true north; so the limit of love is unknown. Or can any other good sense be made of "*north*"? *Judicent rei astronomicæ periti*.' Dr. Ingleby (*The Soule Arayed*, 1872, pp. 5, 6, note), after quoting in connection with this passage the lines in which Cæsar speaks of himself (*J. C.* iii. 1) as 'constant as the northern star,' writes: 'Here human virtue is figured under the "true-fix'd and resting quality" of the northern star. Surely, then, the *worth* spoken of must be *constancy* or *fixedness*. The sailor must know that the star has this worth, or his latitude would not depend on its altitude. Just so without the knowledge of this worth in love, a man "hoists sail to all the winds," and is "frequent with unknown minds."' *Height*, it should be observed, was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of value, and the word may be used here in a double sense, *altitude* (of the star) and *value* (of love); love whose worth is unknown, however it may be valued." Herford explains *worth* as = "occult virtue and influence, discoverable only by observation and calculation."

9. *Time's fool.* The sport or mockery of Time. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 81: "But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool."

11. *His brief hours.* Referring to *Time.*

12. *The edge of doom.* The day of doom; as in 55. 12. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 3. 5: —

> "We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
> To the extreme edge of hazard."

CXVII

1. *All.* All matters or relations.

5. *Frequent.* Intimate. In the only other instance of the word in S. (*W. T.* iv. 2. 36) it is = addicted. *Unknown minds* = persons of little note, or obscure.

6. *To time.* To the world, or society. Cf. 70. 6 above. Dowden suggests that the meaning may be, "given away to temporary occasion what is your property and therefore an heirloom for eternity." Staunton proposes "them" for *time*, and Tyler is inclined to agree with him.

10. *And on just proof*, etc. Add conjecture or suspicion, if you will.

11. *Level.* Aim; a technical use of the word in gunnery. Cf. the verb in 121. 9 below.

CXVIII

Apparently a continuation of 117.

1. *Like as.* See on 60. 1 above.

2. *Eager.* Tart, piquant (Fr. *aigre*); as in *Ham.* i. 5. 69: "eager droppings into milk."

4. *Purge.* Take a cathartic. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 168: "I 'll purge, and leave sack."

5. *Ne'er-cloying.* The quarto has "nere cloying," and the ed. of 1640 "neare cloying;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Theobald).

6. *Frame.* Adapt, suit. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 185.

7. *Meetness.* Fitness, propriety; used by S. only here.

12. *Rank.* "Sick (of hypertrophy)," as Schmidt defines it. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 64: "To diet rank minds sick of happiness."

CXIX

This is a continuation of 118.

1. *Siren tears.* The wily tears of seductive women.

2. *Limbecks.* Alembics. The word occurs again in *Mach.* i. 7. 67. On *foul as hell*, cf. the references to the "dark lady" in 131. 13 and 147. 14 below.

3. *Applying fears to hopes.* "Setting fears against hopes" (Palgrave).

4. *Still losing*, etc. "Either, losing in the very moment of victory, or gaining victories (of other loves than those of his friend) which were indeed but losses" (Dowden).

7. *Fitted.* The word must be from the noun *fit*, and = started by the paroxysms or *fits* of his *fever*. Lettsom would read "flitted," which surely would be no improvement.

11. *Ruin'd love*, etc. "Note the introduction of the metaphor of rebuilt love, reappearing in later sonnets" (Dowden). Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 4, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 29, *T.* and *C.* iv. 2. 109, etc.

13. *To my content.* To my true happiness. *Content* is often used by S. in a much stronger sense than now. Tyler explains the passage thus: "with a feeling of contentment and satisfaction."

14. *Ill.* The quarto has "ile;" corrected by Malone.

CXX

Further allusions to the poet's "wretched errors" (119. 5); but what these were we do not know. They appear to have no connection with the "dark lady."

3. "I must needs be overwhelmed by the wrong I have done to you, knowing how I myself suffered when you were the offender" (Dowden).

6. *A hell of time.* Malone quotes *Oth.* iii. 3. 169: —

> "But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
> Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves;"

and *R. of L.* 1286: —

> "And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
> When more is felt than one hath power to tell."

9. *Our.* Staunton conjectures "sour." *Night of woe* is probably metaphorical (that dark and woful time), not a reference to some particular night, as Tyler thinks "possible."

Remember'd. Reminded; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd," etc.

12. *Salve.* Apology. Cf. 34. 7 above.

CXXI

The poet declares that, though he "does not claim to be blameless, he was traduced by persons worse than himself, who were therefore unfit to criticise and censure his conduct" (Tyler). "Dr. Burgersdijk regards this sonnet as a defence of the stage against the Puritans" (Dowden), which seems to me absurd.

2. *When not to be,* etc. When one is unjustly reproached with being so (that is, *vile*).

3, 4. *And the just pleasure,* etc. "And the legitimate pleasure lost, which is deemed vile, not by us who experience it, but by others who look on and condemn" (Dowden).

5. *Adulterate.* Lewd; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 79 and *L. C.* 175. It is = adulterous in *R. of L.* 1645, *Ham.* i. 5. 42, etc.

6. *Give salutation,* etc. "Take account of and criticise what my somewhat warm nature may do in gay or unrestrained moments" (Tyler). Herford explains *give salutation to* as "affect, stir." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 103: —

> "Would I had no being,
> If this salute my blood a jot!"

Sportive = amorous, wanton; as in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 14: "Shap'd for sportive tricks." Cf. *sport* in 96. 2 above.

8. *In their wills.* "According to their pleasure" (Dowden).

9. *Level.* Take aim at. See on 117. 11 above.

11. *Bevel.* Slanting; figuratively opposed to *straight*, or "upright." The word is used by S. only here.

12. *Rank.* Foul, gross. Cf. 69. 12 above. See also *L. C.* 307: "To blush at speeches rank."

CXXII

This is evidently an apology for having parted with *tables* (memorandum-book), the gift of his friend, who seems to have heard what the poet had done. Cf. *Sonn.* 77, where a similar present to his friend is mentioned.

1. *Tables.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 107: "My tables — meet it is I set it down," etc. See also *Id.* i. 5. 98: "Yea, from the table of my memory," etc.; *Id.* i. 3. 58: —

> "And these few precepts in thy memory
> Look thou character;"

and *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 3: —

> "Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
> Are visibly character'd and engrav'd."

3. *That idle rank.* "That poor dignity (of tables written upon with pen or pencil)" (Dowden).

9. *That poor retention.* "The table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*" (Malone).

10. *Tallies.* Notched sticks used to "keep tally," as schoolboys still say. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 39: "our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally," etc.

CXXIII

"In this sonnet, which is probably to be connected with the one before it, the poet reverts to the doctrine which had appeared previously in 69, that there is nothing new, but that all things occur in unending succession" (Tyler). "He now declares that the reg-

isters and records of Time are false, but Time shall impose no cheat upon his memory or heart" (Dowden).

2. *Thy pyramids.* "I think this is metaphorical; all that Time piles up from day to day, all his new stupendous erections are really but 'dressings of a former sight.' Is there a reference to the new love, the 'ruined love built anew' (119. 11) between the two friends? The same metaphor appears in the next sonnet: 'No, it [his love] was *builded* far from accident;' and again in 125: 'Laid great bases for eternity,' etc. Does Shakspere mean here that this new love is really the same with the old love; *he* will recognize the identity of new and old, and not wonder at either the past or present?" (Dowden). Herford makes *thy pyramids* = "all that Time piles up from day to day; new structures of event." *Dressings* = trimming up, ornamental repetitions.

5. *Admire.* Wonder at; as in *T. N.* iii. 4. 165: "Wonder not, nor admire not," etc.

7. *And rather make them*, etc. *Them* refers to the things implied in *what* — things that we choose to regard as new, though really old.

11. *Records.* S. accents the noun on either syllable, as may suit the measure. Cf. 55. 8 above.

CXXIV

Apparently a continuation of 123.

1. *State.* Rank, power.

3. *As subject to Time's love*, etc. That is, as being "Time's fool" (116. 9).

4. *Weeds*, etc. Regarded as *weeds* or *flowers*, according to Time's caprice.

5. *Builded.* The participle is oftener *built;* as in 119. 11 and 123. 2 above.

7, 8. "When time puts us, who have been in favour, out of fashion" (Dowden).

9. *Policy, that heretic.* Seeking its own interest, and false to love, which is unselfish. Dowden compares *R. and J.* i. 2. 95 (Romeo speaking of eyes unfaithful to the beloved): "Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars."

11. *Hugely politic.* "Love itself is infinitely prudent, prudent for eternity" (Dowden). Hudson takes the phrase to be = "organized or knit together in a huge *polity* or *State;*" to which I can only add his own comment: "Rather an odd use of *politic*, to us."

12. *That.* So that; as in 76. 7 and 98. 4 above. Steevens conjectures "glows" for *grows*, and Capell "dries."

13, 14. *To this I witness*, etc. Dowden asks: "Does this mean, 'I call to witness the transitory unworthy loves (*fools of time* = sports of time — cf. 116. 9), whose death was a virtue since their life was a crime?'" Steevens thinks that *fools of time*, etc., may be "a stroke at some of Fox's Martyrs;" and Palgrave says: "apparently, the plotters and political martyrs of the time." Hudson suggests that it may mean, "those fools who make as if they would die for virtue after having devoted their lives to vice." Tyler sees an allusion to "the popular repute of Essex as the 'good Earl,' notwithstanding the 'crimes' for which he and certain of his companions were executed." The reference is hopelessly obscure, and I shall add no attempt to explain it.

CXXV

This may be closely connected with 124, as Dowden and Tyler regard it. The former says: "In 124 S. asserted that his love was not subject to time, as friendships founded on self-interest are; here he asserts that it is not founded on beauty of person, and therefore cannot pass away with the decay of such beauty. It is pure love for love."

1. *Bore the canopy.* That is, paid outward homage, as one who bears a canopy over a superior. King James I. made his progress

through London, 1603–4, under a canopy. In the account of the King and Queen's entertainment at Oxford, 1605, we read (Nichol's *Progresses of King James*, vol. i. p. 546, quoted by Dowden): "From thence was carried over the King and Queen a fair canopy of crimson taffety by six of the Canons of the Church."

I may add that on the 15th of March, 1604, when James made a formal march from the Tower to Westminster, the nine actors (including Shakespeare) to whom he had granted a special license to perform in London and the provinces, were in the royal train. Each actor was presented with four and a half yards of scarlet cloth, the usual dress-allowance to players belonging to the household. Whether the actors *bore the canopy* on this occasion I find no record; but I doubt whether there is a reference to it here.

2. *Extern.* Outward show. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 63: "compliment extern." Elsewhere S. uses *external;* as in 53. 13 above. On the passage, cf. 69. 1–5 above.

3. *Or laid*, etc. "The love of the earlier sonnets, which celebrated the beauty of Shakspere's friend, was to last forever, and yet it has been ruined" (Dowden). Tyler thinks it refers to the Dedication of *R. and L.* and perhaps also to that of *V. and A.*

5. *Dwellers on form*, etc. "Persons admitted only to external relations" (Tyler). For *favour* (outward appearance), see on 113. 10 above.

6. *Lose all, and more.* "Lose not only affection, but incur still further mischiefs" (Tyler).

8. *Pitiful thrivers.* To be pitied even when successful.

9. *Obsequious.* Devoted, zealous. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 2: "I see you are obsequious in your love," etc. Hudson explains it as = "mourned or lamented."

11. *Mix'd with seconds.* Steevens remarks: "I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say." *Seconds* is still used (at least in this country)

9. *Policy, that heretic.* Seeking its own interest, and false to love, which is unselfish. Dowden compares *R. and J.* i. 2. 95 (Romeo speaking of eyes unfaithful to the beloved): "Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars."

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in the sense which Steevens mentions. I have no doubt that he is right in his explanation of the figure, which is not unlike the familiar one of the wheat and the chaff (cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 111, *Cymb.* i. 6. 178, etc.); but Knight thinks otherwise. He says, after quoting Steevens's note, "Mr. Dyce called this note 'preposterously absurd.' Steevens, however, knew what he was doing. He mentions the flour, as in almost every other note upon the Sonnets, to throw discredit upon compositions with which he could not sympathize. He had a sharp, cunning, pettifogging mind; and he knew many prosaic things well enough. He knew that a *second* in a duel, a *seconder* in a debate, a *secondary* in ecclesiastical affairs, meant one next to the principal. The poet's friend has his chief oblation; no *seconds*, or inferior persons, are mixed up with his tribute of affection.

"In the copy of the Sonnets in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to Malone (and which is bound in the same volume with the *Lucrece*, etc.), is a very cleverly drawn caricature representing Shakspere addressing a periwig-pated old fellow in these lines: —

> 'If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
> The water of my Sonnets, find their disease,
> Or purge my Editor till he understood them,
> I would applaud thee.' [Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 50 fol.]

Under this Malone has written, 'Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the *Rape of Lucrece*, in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr. Atkinson, the apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature.'"

For the figure in *seconds* I may add the familiar household one of *bolted* (sifted, like flour), which S. uses of persons (*Hen. V.* ii. 2. 137) and of language (*Cor.* iii. 1. 322). See also *IV. T.* iv. 4. 375 and *T. and C.* i. 1. 18. He has many other metaphors equally "vulgar," as Blair and certain other rhetoricians, trained in the school of Pope, call them. For an example in the *Sonnets*, take that of the woman chasing a stray hen, in 143.

12. *Mutual render.* "Give-and-take. This sonnet appears directed against some one who had charged him with superficial love" (Palgrave).

13. *Suborn'd informer!* Dowden asks: "Does this refer to an actual person, one of the spies of 121. 7, 8? or is the *informer* Jealousy, or Suspicion, as in *V. and A.* 655?" As Tyler suggests, it may refer to "the person or persons who had brought charges against the poet."

CXXVI

"This is the concluding poem of the series addressed to Shakspere's friend; it consists of six rhymed couplets. In the quarto parentheses follow the twelfth line thus: —

( )
( )

as if to show that two lines are wanting. But there is no good reason for supposing that the poem is defective. In William Smith's *Chloris*, 1596, a 'sonnet' (No. 27) of this six-couplet form appears" (Dowden). See also on p. 13 above. Herford remarks: "This poem of twelve lines concludes the first sequence. It may originally have concluded the series which ends at 99, forming a 'century;'" but this seems to me improbable, as it is doubtful whether 99 belongs in the series.

2. *Fickle hour.* The quarto reads "sickle, hower," and Lintott "fickle hower." The old text has not been satisfactorily explained. White (if his note is meant to be taken seriously) regards the line as "a most remarkable instance of inversion for 'Dost hold Time's fickle *hour-glass*, his sickle.'" Walker conjectures "sickle-hour," the *hour* being, as he thinks, "represented poetically as a sickle;" which Hudson adopts, adding that the figure is used "for the same reason that Time is elsewhere pictured as being armed with a scythe." I assume that "sickle" was a misprint for *fickle* (an easy slip of the type when the long *s* was in vogue), and that the meaning is "*during* its fickle hour." The *boy* simply held Time's

fickle glass *while it ran* its fickle hourly course. The repetition of *fickle* is in Shakespeare's manner. *Dost hold* = dost hold in hand, in check, *in thy power;* and *fickle hour* = Time's course that is subject to mutation and vicissitude. This seems to me the best that can be done for this puzzling passage. For *his* = its, cf. 9. 10, 14. 6, 74. 7, and 84. 6 above.

5. *Wrack.* For the rhyme, cf. *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, and *Macb.* v. 5. 51. See also on 65. 6 above.

9. *Minion.* Darling, favourite. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 98, *Macb.* i. 2. 19, etc.

12. *Quietus.* "This is the technical term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. Compare Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, i. 1 : 'And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt, Being now my steward, here upon your lips I sign your *Quietus est*'" (Steevens). S. uses the word again in *Ham.* iii. 1. 75.

To render thee. "To yield thee up, surrender thee. When Nature is called to a reckoning (by Time ?) she obtains her acquittance upon surrendering thee, her chief treasure" (Dowden).

CXXVII

"The sonnets addressed to his lady begin here. Steevens called attention to the fact that 'almost all that is said here on the subject of complexion is repeated in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 250–258 : "O, who can give an oath ?" etc.'

"Herr Krauss points out several resemblances between *Sonn.* 126–152 and the Fifth Song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (that beginning 'While favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought'), in which may be felt 'the ground tone of the whole series' of later sonnets" (Dowden).

Swinburne (*Fortnightly Rev.* Dec. 1, 1880) refers to *Sonnets* 127–154 as "incomparably the most important and altogether precious division of the *Sonnets*."

1. *In the old age black was not counted fair.* White remarks: "This is an allusion to the remarkable fact that during the chivalric ages brunettes were not acknowledged as beauties anywhere in Christendom. In all the old *contes fabliaux*, and romances that I am acquainted with, the heroines are blondes. And more, the possession of dark eyes and hair, and the complexion that accompanies them, is referred to by the troubadours as a misfortune."

3. *Successive.* By order of succession; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 49: "As next the king he was successive heir."

7. *Bower.* Habitation. Malone reads "hour."

9. *My mistress' brows.* The quarto has "eyes" for *brows* (eyebrows), which is due to the Cambridge editors. Walker conjectures "hairs." Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 8: —

> "Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
> Become some women best," etc.

10. *Suited.* Clad; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 79, *A. W.* i. 1. 170, etc. For *and they* Dyce reads "as they."

12. *Slandering creation,* etc. "Dishonouring nature with a spurious reputation, a fame gained by dishonest means" (Dowden).

13. *Becoming of.* Gracing. This use of *of* with verbals is not uncommon in S.

CXXVIII

1. *My music.* Cf. 8. 1 above.

5. *Envy.* Accented on the second syllable; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 18: "Is it for him you do envy me so?" Malone compares Marlowe, *Edw. II.*: "If for the dignities thou be envy'd;" and Sir John Davies, *Epigrams:* "Why doth not Ponticus their fame envy?" If it were not for these and other similar instances, we might give *envy* what is called the "hovering accent."

Jacks. Here used loosely (as probably in common speech) for the *keys* of the virginal upon which the lady is playing. It properly means the upright hinder part of the key which strikes the string,

rising as the key is pressed down. The *virginal* was an instrument which has been termed "the ancestor of the piano," and was so called because used by young girls. It was sometimes called *a pair of virginals;* as in Dekker's *Gul's Hornbooke:* "leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals." See also

VIRGINAL (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING)

Harper's Mag. vol. lviii. p. 857, or Elson's *Shakespeare and Music.* The noun is not used by S., but *virginalling* occurs in *W. T.* i. 2. 125. Steevens quotes *Ram Alley*, 1611 : —

> "Where be these rascals that skip up and down
> Like virginal jacks?"

11. *Thy.* The quarto has "their," as in 14; corrected by Gildon.

CXXIX

Archbishop Trench (*Household Book of English Poetry*, 1868) says of this sonnet: "The subject — the bitter delusion of all sinful pleasures, the reaction of a swift remorse which inevitably

dogs them — Shakspere must have most deeply felt, as he has expressed himself upon it most profoundly. I know no picture of this at all so terrible in its truth as, in *The Rape of Lucrece* [687 fol.], the description of Tarquin after he has successfully wrought his deed of shame. But this sonnet on the same theme is worthy to stand by its side." Cf. also *V. and A.* 799 fol.

1. *Expense.* Expenditure. Cf. 94. 6 above.

2. *Lust.* The subject of the sentence.

9. *Mad.* The quarto has "Made;" corrected by Gildon.

10. *Had, having,* etc. For the grammar, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 263 and *Ham.* i. 2. 158.

11. *Prov'd, a very woe.* The quarto reads "proud and very wo;" corrected by Sewell and Malone.

12. *A dream.* Cf. *R. of L.* 212.

CXXX

A playful criticism of the extravagance of poets in praising their mistresses. Cf. *Sonn.* 21.

4. *If hairs be wires.* Cf. *K. John,* iii. 4. 64: —

> "O, what love I note
> In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
> Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
> Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
> Do glue themselves," etc.

The strange comparison is found in Spenser, Marlowe, Peele, and other writers of the time.

5. *Damask'd.* Variegated. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 123: "Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask."

8. *Reeks.* Properly = emits vapour, steams; but here probably used for the sake of the rhyme. Cf. *V. and A.* 555: "Her face doth reek and smoke" (from heat and excitement); *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 140: "Saw sighs reek from you;" *J. C.* iii. 1. 158: "Your purpled hands do reek and smoke," etc.

14. *Any she.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83: "the only she," etc. For *compare*, see on 21. 5 above.

CXXXI

6. *Groan.* Cf. 133. 1 below. See also *V. and A.* 785: "No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan," etc.

11. *On another's neck.* In close succession. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 92: —

> "Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life,
> And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state."

13. *Save in thy deeds.* Cf. 144. 4 and 147. 14.

14. *This slander.* That her face has not the power to make love groan.

CXXXII

Though the lady's eyes are black, they are fascinating. Cf. *Sonn.* 127.

2. *Knowing thy heart torments.* The quarto has "torment" for *torments*, and Malone reads "Knowing thy heart, torment," etc. The text is that of the ed. of 1640.

4. *Ruth.* Pity. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 106, *T. and C.* v. 3. 48, etc.

6. *Grey cheeks*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 19: "The grey vault of heaven."

9. *Mourning.* The quarto has "morning," and possibly, as Dowden suggests, a play was intended on *morning sun* and *mourning face.*

12. *Suit thy pity like.* That is, clothe it similarly, let it appear the same.

14. *And all they foul*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 252: "No face is fair that is not full so black."

CXXXIII

"Here Shakspere's heart 'groans' (see 131) for the suffering of his friend as well as his own" (Dowden).

1. *Beshrew.* A mild imprecation. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 52, iii. 2. 14, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 295, etc.

6. *My next self.* My dearest friend.

11. *Keeps.* That is, guards.

CXXXIV

A continuation of 133.

5. *Wilt not.* That is, wilt not restore him.

7. *Write for me.* Subscribe for me; that is, in the *bond* as *surety*.

9. *Statute.* "*Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money" (Malone). Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 113: "his statutes, his recognizances," etc.

10. *Use.* Interest; as in 6. 5 above.

11. *Came.* That is, who became.

12. *Unkind abuse.* "In exposing him to the danger" (Tyler).

CXXXV

1. *Will.* "In this sonnet, in the next, and in 143 the quarto marks by italics and capital *W* the play on words, *Will* = William [Shakspere], *Will* = William, the Christian name of Shakspere's friend [? Mr. W. H.], and *Will* = desire, volition. Here '*Will* in overplus' means Will Shakspere, as the next line shows, 'more than enough am I.' The first 'Will' means *desire* (but as we know that his lady had a husband, it is possible that he also may have been a 'Will,' and that the first 'Will' here may refer to him besides meaning 'desire'); the second 'Will' is Shakspere's friend" (Dowden).

Halliwell-Phillipps remarks that in the time of S. quibbles of this kind were common, and he cites as an example the riddle on the name *William* in the *Book of Riddles* to which Slender refers in *M. W.* i. 1. 209: —

"*The* li. *Riddle.* — My lovers will
I am content for to fulfill ;
Within this rime his name is framed ;
Tell me then how he is named ?

Solution. — His name is William ; for in the first line is *will*, and in the beginning of the second line is *I am*, and then put them both together, and it maketh *William*."

This was a very popular book of the time, mentioned as early as 1586. The edition quoted was published in 1629.

Tyler quotes an interesting parallel to these "Will" sonnets in the Dedication by John Davies to his *Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overbury's Wife, now a Matchless Widow*, 1606. It is specially appropriate as being addressed to "William, Earle of Pembroke" : —

"Wit and my *Will* (deere Lord) were late at strife,
To whom this *Bridegroome* I for *grace* might send
Who *Bride* was erst the happiest husband's wife
That ere was haplesse in his *Friend*, and *End*.
Wit, with it selfe, and with my *Will*, did warre,
For *Will* (good-*Will*) desir'd it might be YOU,
But *Wit* found fault with each particular
It selfe had made ; sith YOU were *It* to view," etc.

Cf. also the Epigram addressed to Shakspere by Davies : —

"Some say, good *Will* (which I, in sport, do sing),
Hadst thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport," etc.

5. *Spacious.* A trisyllable, like *gracious* below.

9. *The sea*, etc. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 103 : —

"But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much ; "

and *Id.* i. 1. 11 : —

"O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea," etc.

13. *Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill.* A puzzling line, as it stands. Schmidt is doubtful whether *unkind* is a substantive, and, if so, whether it means "unnaturalness," or "aversion to the works of love." Palgrave paraphrases thus: "Let no unkindness, no fair-spoken rivals destroy me." Dowden says that if *unkind* is a substantive it must mean "unkind one (that is, his lady)," as in Daniel's *Delia*, 2d Sonnet: "And tell th' Unkind how dearly I have lov'd her." He adds that possibly *no fair* may mean "no fair one;" but suggests that perhaps we should print the line thus: "Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill;" that is, "let no unkind refusal kill fair beseechers." This strikes me as a very happy solution of the enigma, and I have been strongly tempted to adopt it in my text. Tyler approves it, but would read "your" for "fair." Herford intended to adopt it, as his note shows, but accidentally neglected to insert it in his text, which is the same as mine.

CXXXVI

5. *Fulfil.* Fill full. Cf. *T. and C.* prol. 18: "fulfilling bolts."

6. *Ay, fill.* The quarto has "I fill;" but *ay* was usually printed "I." Dowden suggests that possibly there may be a play on *ay* and *I*.

7. *Receipt.* Capacity, receptive power; the only instance of this sense in S.

8. *One is reckon'd none.* See on 8. 14 above.

10. *Store's.* The quarto has "stores;" the Cambridge editors follow Malone in reading "stores'." Schmidt says of *Store:* "used only in the sing.; therefore in *Sonn.* 136. 10, *store's* not *stores'*." "Lines 9, 10 mean 'You need not count me when merely counting the *number* of those who hold you dear, but when estimating the *worth* of your possessions, you must have regard to me.' 'To set *store* by a thing or person' is a phrase connected with the meaning of 'store' in this passage" (Dowden).

12. *Something sweet.* Walker proposed and Dyce reads "something, sweet."

13, 14. "Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is *Will*, and I myself am all will, that is, all desire" (Dowden). Tyler paraphrases it thus: "You love your other admirer named *Will*. Love the name alone, and then you love me, for my name is *Will*."

CXXXVII

4. *Yet what the best is*, etc. "They take a face which, from deficiency of beauty, is *worst* to be *best*, most beautiful" (Tyler).

6. *Anchor'd.* Cf. *A. and C.* i. 5. 33: —

> "and great Pompey
> Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
> There would he anchor his aspect;"

and *M. for M.* ii. 4. 4: —

> "Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
> Anchors on Isabel."

See also *Cymb.* v. 5. 393, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 231, etc.

Where all men ride indicates her character. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 110: "every man's Hero."

9. *Several plot.* Halliwell-Phillipps says: "Fields that were enclosed were called *severals* in opposition to *commons*, the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were fenced in, and termed *severals*." Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 233: "My lips are no common, though several they be."

13. *Things right true.* Referring to "the *true* character" of the lady, "about which there could be no mistake" (Tyler); but *in things right true* may mean "in regard to what is true and fair in woman."

14. *This false plague.* This false and baneful woman.

CXXXVIII

This sonnet appeared as the first poem of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (see pp. 11, 16 above) in the following form (except in spelling): —

> "When my love swears that she is made of truth,
> I do believe her, though I know she lies,
> That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
> *Unskilful* in the world's false *forgeries.*
> Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
> Although *I know* my *years be* past the best,
> *I smiling* credit her false-speaking tongue,
> *Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.*
> But wherefore says *my love that* she is *young?*
> And wherefore say not I that I am old?
> O, love's best habit is *a soothing tongue,*
> And age, in love, loves not to have years told,
> Therefore *I 'll* lie with *love,* and *love* with me,
> *Since that* our faults *in love thus smother'd* be."

The variations are too great to be the work of Jaggard or his editor. He must have had a different manuscript.

2. *I do believe her.* Pretend to believe her; that she may think me an inexperienced youth. He *suppresses* the truth, as she does.

11. *Habit.* Bearing, deportment.

CXXXIX

The poet complains that she shares her favours with others.

3. *Wound me not with thine eye.* Malone quotes *R. and J.* ii. 4. 14: "stabbed with a white wench's black eye;" and Steevens adds 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 26: "Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!" See also *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 10 fol.

CXL

The complaint is continued here.

2. *Tongue-tied.* Silent hitherto.

4. *Pity-wanting.* Unpitied by you.

6. *To tell me so.* "To tell me thou *dost* love me" (Malone).

11. *Ill-wresting.* Misinterpreting, ill-construing.

14. *Bear thine eyes straight*, etc. "That is, as it is expressed in 93. 4, 'Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place'" (Malone).

CXLI

8. *Sensual feast.* Gratification of the senses.

9. *Five wits.* The *wits*, or intellectual powers, seem to have been reckoned as five to correspond with the five senses, which were also called *wits*. Cf. Chaucer, *Persones Tale*: "the five wittis; as sight, hereing, smelling, savouring, and touching." Boswell quotes a prayer by Sir Thomas More, in which he asks to be forgiven for his sins "in mispending of my five wittes." Schmidt says that "the proverbial five wits" were "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory." In the present passage we find the two meanings distinguished.

11. *Who leaves unsway'd*, etc. "My heart ceases to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man — a man without a heart — in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart" (Dowden).

14. *Pain.* "In its old etymological sense of *punishment*" (Walker); but though the word implies that the suffering was right and fitting, "we need not give it the special sense of penalty" (Tyler).

CXLII

1. *Thy dear virtue.* Thy cherished virtue — the only virtue she has. She hates him for his *love*, and his love is *sin*; and so far she is right. But, he adds, you are just as sinful.

6. *Their scarlet ornaments.* Cf. *Edw. III.* ii. 1: "His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments." The line occurs in the part of the play ascribed by some to S. See on 94. 14 above.

7. *Seal'd false bonds of love.* Cf. *V. and A.* 511: —

> "Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
> What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?"

See also *M. for M.* iv. 1. 5 and *M. of V.* ii. 6. 6.

8. *Robb'd others' beds' revenues,* etc. "Implying, probably, that she had received the attentions of other *married* men" (Tyler).

9. *Be it lawful,* etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 139.

13. *If thou dost seek,* etc. "If you seek for pity, but will show none."

CXLIII

An elaborate but homely simile. See on 125. 11.

4. *Pursuit.* Accented on the first syllable; the only instance in S. Cf. *pursue* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 298: "We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence." Walker gives many examples of *púrsuit;* as Heywood, *Dutchess of Suffolk:* "The eager pursuit of our enemies;" *Spanish Tragedy:* "Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths;" Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at Several Weapons,* v. 1: "In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her;" Massinger, *Fatal Dowry,* ii. 2: "Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour," etc.

8. *Not prizing.* Not regarding.

13. *Will.* "Possibly, as Steevens takes it, Will Shakspere; but it seems as likely, or perhaps more likely, to be Shakspere's friend 'Will' [? W. H.]. The last two lines promise that Shakspere will pray for her success in the chase of the fugitive (Will?), on condition that, if successful, she will turn back to him, Shakspere, her babe" (Dowden). This, in my opinion is clearly the meaning.

CXLIV

"This sonnet appears as the second poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim* with the following variations: in 2, 'That like;' in 3, '*My* better angel;' in 4, '*My* worser spirit;' in 6, 'from my *side;*' in 8, '*fair* pride;' in 11, '*For* being both *to* me;' in 13, 'The

truth I shall not know.' Compare with this sonnet the 20th of Drayton's *Idea* : —

> 'An evil spirit, your beauty haunts me still,
> . . . . .
> Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill;
> . . . . .
> Thus am I still provok'd to every evil
> By that good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.'

Compare also *Astrophel and Stella*, 5th Song: —

> 'Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse than they,
> Alas, that I am forst such evill of thee to say,
> I say thou art a Divill though cloth'd in Angel's shining:
> For thy face tempts my soule to leave the heaven for thee,' etc."
> (Dowden).

For the general misunderstanding of this sonnet, see p. 38 above.

2. *Suggest.* Tempt. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 358: —

> "When devils will the blackest sins put on,
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows," etc.

6. *From my side.* The quarto has "sight;" corrected from the *P. P.* version.

11. *From me.* Away from me; a common meaning of *from*.

14. *Till my bad angel*, etc. Dowden compares 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 365: —

"*Prince Henry.* For the women?
Falstaff. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls."

I prefer Hanmer's reading "burns, poor soul," but the allusion in *burns* is the same in either case.

CXLV

"The only sonnet written in eight-syllable verse. Some critics, partly on this ground, partly because the rhymes are ill-managed, reject it as not by Shakspere" (Dowden).

13. *'I hate' from hate*, etc. "She removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred*; she changed their natural import . . . by subjoining *not you*" (Malone). He compares *R. of L.* 1534–1537. Steevens would read "I hate — away from hate she flew," etc.; that is, "having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour." Dowden is inclined to accept Malone's explanation, but thinks the meaning may possibly be, "from hatred to such words as *I hate*, she threw them away."

CXLVI

Eminently a *religious* sonnet, though it seems to have been misunderstood by Tyler. See on line 11 below.

2. *Press'd by these rebel powers*, etc. The quarto has "My sinfull earth these rebbell," etc. The corruption was doubtless due, as Malone suggests, to the compositor's inadvertently repeating the closing words of the first verse at the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables that belong there. Many emendations have been proposed: "Fool'd by those" (Malone), "Starv'd by the" (Steevens), "Fool'd by these" (Dyce), "Foil'd by these" (Palgrave), "Hemm'd with these" (Furnivall), "Thrall to these" (anonymous), "Slave of these" (Cartwright), "Leagued with these" (Brae), "Why feed'st" (Tyler's — the worst), etc. *Press'd by* is due to Dowden, and it is on the whole as good a guess as any that has been made.

Array is explained by some as = clothe. Massey thinks it also signifies "that in the flesh these rebel powers set their battle in array against the soul." Dr. Ingleby, in his pamphlet *The Soule Arayed*, 1872 (reprinted in *Shakespeare: the Man and the Book*, Part I., 1877), takes the ground that *array* (or *aray*) is = abuse, afflict, ill-treat. He gives several examples of this sense from writers of the time. It is not found elsewhere in S., but we have *rayed* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 54 and iv. 1. 3, where Schmidt explains it as "defiled, dirtied." I prefer this explanation to that which

makes *array* = clothe — which seems to me forced and unnatural here — but I should prefer Massey's "set their battle in array against" to either if any other example of this meaning could be found. Perhaps the turn thus given to the military sense is no more remarkable than the liberties S. takes with sundry other words; and here the exigencies of the rhyme might justify it. For the *rebel powers* and the *outward walls*, cf. *R. of L.* 722: —

> "She says her subjects with foul insurrection
> Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
> And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
> Her immortality, and made her thrall
> To living death and pain perpetual."

8. *Thy charge?* That on which you have expended so much. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 49: "this expedition's charge," etc.

10. *Aggravate.* Increase. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 84 (Bottom's speech): "I will aggravate my voice," etc.

11. *Terms.* Walker says: "In the legal and academic sense; long periods of time, opposed to *hours*." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 90: "the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions." Tyler strangely takes this passage to refer only to "immortal renown, which is to be purchased by . . . study and enthusiastic literary work." He also refers 13, 14, to mere "literary immortality."

CXLVII

Dowden regards this as "in connection with 146," which seems to me to be entirely independent of this series.

5. *My reason, the physician*, etc. Malone compares *M. W.* ii. 1. 5: "though Love use Reason for his physician," etc.

7. *Approve.* Find by experience (that). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 317: "I have well approved it," etc.

8. *Except.* Object to, refuse. Palgrave explains thus: "I now discover that desire which reason rejected is death;" but Dowden, better, "desire which did object to physic." *Physic did except*

repeats the idea in *prescriptions not kept*, not that in *reason . . . hath left me*, as Palgrave seems to suppose.

9. *Past cure*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28 : "past cure is still past care." It was a proverbial saying. Malone quotes *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632 : "She has got the adage in her mouth ; Things past cure, past care."

10. *Evermore unrest.* Walker compares Coleridge, *Remorse*, v. 1 : —

> "hopelessly deform'd
> By sights of evermore deformity."

Sidney (*Arcadia*, book v.) has "the time of my *ever* farewell approacheth."

14. *As black as hell.* Cf. 131. 12–14 and 144. 4.

CXLVIII

4. *Censures.* Judges. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 328, *J. C.* iii. 2. 16, etc.; and for the noun (= judgment), *Macb.* v. 4. 14, *Ham.* i. 3. 69, etc.

8. *Love's eye*, etc. The quarto (followed by most of the editors) ends the line with "all mens : no." The reading in the text was suggested by Lettsom, and is adopted by Dyce, the Cambridge editors ("Globe" ed.), and others. It assumes a play upon *eye* and *ay*. Lettsom afterwards proposed "that" for *love* in the preceding line.

13. *O cunning Love!* "Here he is perhaps speaking of his mistress, but if so, he identifies her with 'Love,' views her as Love personified, and so the capital *L* is right" (Dowden). Tyler thinks *Love* has the same sense as in 1 above.

CXLIX

"Connected with 148, as appears from the closing lines of the two sonnets" (Dowden).

2. *Partake?* Take part ; the only instance of the verb in this

sense in S., but cf. the noun in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 100 : "your partaker Pole."

4. *All tyrant.* Possibly vocative, as Dowden makes it = thou who art a complete tyrant. Malone conjectures "all truant." Tyler explains it as = "Thus play the tyrant towards myself;" that is, in being "reckless of his own interests."

7. *Lower'st.* Frownest; as in *C. of E.* ii. 1. 86, etc.

8. *Present.* Instant, immediate; as very often.

CL

2. *With insufficiency*, etc. "To rule my heart by defects" (Dowden).

4. *And swear*, etc. "Implying, if the *day* is bright and beautiful, *thou* certainly art not so" (Tyler).

5. *This becoming of things ill.* Malone quotes *A. and C.* ii. 2. 243 : —

> "for vilest things
> Become themselves in her," etc.

7. *Warrantise of skill.* Surety or pledge of ability. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 13 : "I'll be your warrantise."

CLI

Omitted by Palgrave. See on 20 above. Dowden remarks : "Mr. Massey, with unhappy ingenuity, misinterprets thus : 'The meaning of Sonnet 151, when really mastered, is that he is betrayed into sin with others by her image, and in straying elsewhere he is in pursuit of her; it is on her account.'"

3. *Cheater.* Staunton takes the word to be here = *escheator*, as in *M. W.* i. 3. 77, but the ordinary meaning is clearly the right one. For *amiss*, see on 35. 7 above.

10. *Triumphant prize.* "Triumphal prize, the prize of his triumph" (Walker). *Pride* = proud conquest.

12. *To stand*, etc. Cf. Mercutio's speech in *R. and J.* ii. 1. 22–24.

14. *Rise and fall.* Tyler explains : "Rise in the triumph of the flesh, and fall in the subjugation and humiliation of the spirit;" but the latter part of the paraphrase is too serious for the general tone of the sonnet, which is the only one in the series which is frankly and realistically gross. There is nothing of the spirit of 129 in it.

CLII

The poet admits his own sin, but declares that hers is worse.

3. *In act thy bed-vow broke.* This seems to imply that the lady was married, but *bed-vow* may possibly refer to her illicit relations with the poet, to whom she had pledged a "faith unfaithful, falsely true," as Tennyson expresses it. But since we cannot identify her, the simpler interpretation may be correct, though it is singular that elsewhere in the *Sonnets* we should find no reference to a husband if she had one.

9. *Kindness.* Affection, tenderness; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 113:

> "If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
> To bind our loves up in a holy band."

11. *To enlighten thee*, etc. "To see thee in the brightness of imagination I gave away my eyes to blindness, made myself blind" (Dowden).

13. *Perjur'd I.* The quarto has "eye" for *I;* corrected by Sewell.

CLIII

Malone remarks : "This and the following sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world."

Herr Krauss (quoted by Dowden) believes these sonnets to be harmless trifles, written for the gay company at some bathing-place.

Herr Hertzberg (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1878, pp. 158-162) has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. He writes : "Dann ging ich an die palatinische Anthologie und fand daselbst nach langem Suchen im ix. Buche (Ἐπιδεικτικά) unter N. 637 die ersehnte Quelle. . . . Es lautet : —

Τᾷδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἁπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
εὗδεν Ἔρως, νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθένος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλῃσι, 'τί μέλλομεν ; αἴθε δὲ τούτῳ
σβέσσαμεν,' εἶπον, 'ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.
Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ."

Dowden adds : "The poem is by the Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. The germ of the poem is found in an Epigram by Zenodotus : —

Τις γλύψας τὸν Ἔρωτα παρὰ κρήνῃσιν ἔθηκεν ;
Οἰόμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πῦρ ὕδατι.

How Shakspere became acquainted with the poem of Marianus we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin : 'Selecta Epigrammata, Basel, 1529,' and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century.

"I add literal translations of the epigrams : 'Here 'neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, "Why do we delay ? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals' heart !" But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros) draw thence for their bath.'

"'Who was the man that carved [the statue of] Love, and set it by the fountains, thinking to quench this fire with water ?'

"In Surrey's *Complaint of the Lover Disdained* (Aldine ed. p. 12), we read of a hot and a cold well of love. Shenstone (Works, ed. 1777, vol. i. p. 144) versifies anew the theme of this and the following sonnet in his 'Anacreontic.' Hermann Isaac suggests

that the valley-fountain may signify marriage, but this will hardly agree with 154. 12, 13."

6. *Dateless.* Eternal. Cf. 30. 6 above. *Lively* = living; as in *V. and A.* 498, etc.

7. *Prove.* Find by trying, find to be. Cf. 72. 4 above.

11. *Bath.* The quarto has "bath," but Steevens suggests that we should print "Bath" (the name of the English city).

14. *Eyes.* The quarto has "eye;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

CLIV

7. *The general of hot desire.* In *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 187 he is called

> "great general
> Of trotting paritors."

Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 1. 163: "our general of ebbs and flows" (Diana, or Luna).

12. *Thrall.* Bondman. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 6. 13: "the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep," etc.

13. *This by that*, etc. That is, the statement in the next line.

APPENDIX

The Sonnets and the Baconian Theory

The *Sonnets* have been a stumbling-block to many of the "Baconians." As Grant White remarks, "that Bacon wrote them is morally impossible," and, I should add, poetically impossible. But whoever wrote them must also have written the plays. The "parallelisms" of style in the plays and the *Sonnets* are far more remarkable than any which the Baconians imagine they find in the works of Bacon and Shakespeare.

Mr. W. D. O'Connor, in his *Hamlet's Note-Book*, agrees with Grant White that the *Sonnets* cannot be Bacon's: "The considerations which he [White] advances are manifestly conclusive." "He might have gone further," adds Mr. O'Connor, "and shown that their autobiographic revelations are no less incompatible with the history of Bacon's life." We are then told that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the *Sonnets;* as Mr. George S. Caldwell had maintained nearly ten years earlier in Australia.

Mr. Caldwell's pamphlet was entitled *Is Sir Walter Raleigh the Author of Shakespeare's Plays and Sonnets?* (Melbourne, 1877). It was to be followed by a book (which, so far as I know, was never published), the greater portion of which, he said, was to be made up of "extracts from *The History of the World* [by Raleigh] and from the plays." He added: "These extracts will show so complete an identification of opinions, principles, and peculiarities of thought and expression, as will, I am sanguine, carry conviction to the minds of every interested reader that the plays must have been written by Raleigh. . . . After five years' consideration, I now say

that the materials in my possession are sufficient to finally settle the controversy." In his pamphlet he says: "The Sonnets 71, 72, 73, and 74, to my mind, afford proof than which nothing could be stronger of the identification of Raleigh as the author. With most unwavering confidence I advance the proposition that these sonnets were addressed by Raleigh to his wife when he was lying under sentence of death in 1603." Some of the *Sonnets*, he believes, were addressed to Elizabeth. Sonnet 37 was a tribute to Prince Henry. Raleigh before 1596 had a limp; in that year he was wounded and became lame for the rest of his life (cf. *Sonn.* 37 and 89).

Another Australian, Mr. William Thomson (in *The Renascence Drama; or History made Visible*, Melbourne, 1880), informs us that the *Sonnets* were written by Bacon in 1600, to be read by William Herbert to the Queen, and thereby to win back her regard for her offending truant Essex, when the "lord of my love" lay under his last eclipse. Elizabeth was a "black" beauty, not literally, but as being hostile in mind and will to Essex.

In 1881, Mrs. C. F. Ashmead-Windle of San Francisco printed an *Address to the New Shakspere Society of London*, in which she announced the "discovery of Lord Verulam's undoubted authorship of the Shakspere works." She fancied that she found in the plays "an enigma under a veiled allegory," the key to which "is contained in the mystery of the *Sonnets*." An "absolute divineness of ideality underlies their mere outward form, as well as a plaintive autobiographical information of the poet's consciousness." She illustrates her discovery by comments on *Cymbeline*, where Posthumus symbolizes the posthumous fame of Bacon, Cloten ("clothing") his living bodily personality, and Morgan ("my organ") the *Novum Organum*. Posthumus is the son of Sicilius, and the sonnet-form is of *Sicilian* origin. Sicilius, therefore, signifies the "poetic genius" invoked in the sonnets of Bacon as a "lovely boy," and urged to beget "copies" of himself that should gain enduring fame. Tenantius, by whom Sicilius "had his titles" of

beauty, grace, and honour, was the author of the *Sonnets* and the plays, or Bacon. Mrs. Windle modestly remarks: "I feel that my penetration into, and unfolding of the inmost mind and heart of these plays, is a realization of the deepest reach of sympathetic intuition of which the human intellect and soul are capable — only short of that attained by the immortal dramatist."

The poor lady, if not already insane, afterwards became so, like Delia Bacon, and died in an asylum; but in 1882 she had printed a second pamphlet in the form of a *Report to the British Museum*, setting forth "the discovery and opening of the cipher of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, alike in his prose writings and the 'Shakspere' dramas, proving him the author of the dramas." The supposed hidden significance of the titles of the plays, and of the names of the characters in them, is here illustrated more fully. The title of *Othello*, for instance, is thus elucidated: —

"A tale, oh! I tell, oh!
Oh, dell, oh! What wail, oh!
Oh, hill, oh! What willow!
What hell, oh! What will, oh!
At will, oh! At well, oh!
I dwell, oh!"

Desdemona is analyzed as "With a demon A, with a moan, ah!" and refers to "the double tragedy of Bacon's muse;" *Emilia* stands for "I'm ill, you, I mill you," and refers to "the expression of Bacon's ill, continued in play after play, as milestones of his life." This crazy juggling with names is carried through all the plays, and similarly used to illustrate Bacon's life and literary career. It is the lunacy of the Baconian "cipherers" and "cranks" in its ultimate development. "That way madness lies!"

In 1887, Judge H. L. Hosmer brought out a book in San Francisco entitled, *Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets*, in which he takes the ground that these poems are addressed by Bacon to Shakespeare, and that in them the former makes over the plays to the latter, and gives him directions concerning the concealment of

their true authorship. The *Sonnets* also contain much impersonation of Youth and Thought (both of these "in the abstract and in delineation"), the Drama, Tragedy, etc.

I will quote but a single amusing illustration of the manner in which this "learned judge" interprets the poems and shows how they prove Bacon's authorship. In *Sonn.* 76, we read :—

> "Why write I still all one, ever the same,
> And keep invention in a noted weed,
> That every word doth almost tell my name,
> Showing their birth and where they did proceed?"

Superficial critics have supposed that to "keep invention in a noted weed" meant to clothe imagination, or the creations of imagination, in a well-known or familiar dress (that of the sonnet); but this is a sad misconception. Judge Hosmer remarks : "The only *weed* of which history gives any account in Elizabeth's time was tobacco. The word *tobacco*, by its various forms of pronunciation, was blessed with an orthography that would fill a small dictionary." Examples are given, including *'bacco* and *baccy*, and he continues : "In every form which spelling gave to *tobacco*, it almost told the name of Bacon." He adds triumphantly : "This evidence of the true origin of the dramas of Shakespeare, written by their author, and published nearly three centuries ago, during Shakespeare's life, cannot by any force of logic or ingenuity be destroyed. . . . No other name can fill the requirements of that line but *Bacon*." I know nothing about "Judge Hosmer" (as the local reviewers of his book designate him) except that he is the author of this erudite work on the *Sonnets*. Whether he is still living (1905), and in his right mind, I have not been able to learn.[1]

Judge Holmes (the ablest and sanest of the Baconian writers) has no doubt that the *Sonnets*, like the plays, were written by

[1] He is not mentioned in Adams's *Dictionary of American Authors* (revised ed. 1905) nor in the American *Who's Who* (1905 ed.)

Bacon. "The similitudes of thought and diction," he says, "are such as to put at rest all question on that head. . . . They bear the impress of Bacon's mind, . . . and they exhibit states of mind and feeling which will find an explanation nowhere better than in his personal history." We know that "Bacon wrote sonnets; some of them were addressed to the queen, and were 'commended by the great.'" Meres's reference to Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends" is not inconsistent with the theory of Bacon's authorship, for "we positively know that his sonnets and essays did pass from hand to hand in that manner." In 1609, after some of these sonnets had got into print (by Jaggard, in 1599), he took care "to see them published in authentic form, though in this instance under the name of another, for he had determined not to be known as a poet."

The most recent of the Baconians, "His Honour Judge Webb, Regius Professor of Laws and Public Orator in the University of Dublin," as his name appears on the title-page of *The Mystery of William Shakespeare* (London, 1902), also believes that Bacon wrote the *Sonnets*. He says: "By showing that they were addressed to Southampton, Mr. Lee has unconsciously suggested reasons for believing that they were addressed to him by Bacon. Southampton was the ward of Bacon's uncle; he was a member of Bacon's Inn; he was one of Bacon's set; he tilted in the 'Device' which Bacon had prepared for Essex; and till the miserable fiasco of 1601 he was the bosom friend of Bacon." For the continuation of the subject the curious reader may be referred to the Judge's book, pp. 163–166; and also to pp. 263, 264, where he attempts to prove that the edition of the *Sonnets* in 1609 was not a piratical enterprise; "the extraordinary care with which they are arranged, punctuated, and printed, being proof that they were published with the author's concurrence and consent, if not under his actual supervision." How, with all this extraordinary care, it happened that the two blank lines in parentheses were inserted at the end of *Sonn.* 126, the Judge does not inform us. He ends, however,

by repeating that "it was the author only who could have arranged them and committed them to the press;" but, whoever may have done this, they contained the sonnet which warned the public that Shakespeare was not the real name of the author but the 'noted weed' in which he kept invention" (*Sonn.* 76).

I believe that Mr. Edwin Reed was the first (in one of the early editions of his *Bacon vs. Shakespeare*) to suggest this ridiculous interpretation of *Sonn.* 76. "Here," he says, "is a plain statement that the author of this sonnet was writing under a disguise." He adds: "*Weed* signifies garment; particularly (as Bacon elsewhere uses it) one that disguises the wearer." This is not true of the word as generally used by Elizabethan writers; and, if Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, he has sometimes used it as distinctly opposed to a disguise. In *T. N.* (v. 1. 262) Viola, then in boy's dress, says: —

> "I 'll bring you to a captain in this town
> Where lie my maiden weeds;"

and a few lines below (280) the Duke says: —

> "Give me thy hand;
> And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds."

Again, in *Cymbeline* (v. 1. 23) Posthumus says: —

> "I 'll disrobe me
> Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
> As does a Breton peasant;"

that is, he will take off the dress he has been wearing as a soldier in the Roman army, and assume the disguise of a British peasant.

These illustrations of the Baconian methods of dealing with the *Sonnets* are chosen quite at random from the few books which I have kept, as representative of the literature of the lunacy, out of the many that have come into my possession from time to time.[1]

[1] In editing a department of "Shakespeariana" in the *Literary World* and the *Critic*, and in other ways.

Most of them have been discarded as not worth shelf-room in my library.

For the bibliography of the subject, the reader may be referred to Dowden's *larger* ed. of the *Sonnets* (London, 1881), pp. 36–110, and to Mr. W. H. Wyman's *Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy* (Cincinnati, 1884). Both authorities give many interesting extracts from the books, pamphlets, etc., and comments thereupon.

Was Barnabe Barnes the "Rival Poet?"

As we have seen (p. 43 above), Mr. Sidney Lee believes that Barnabe Barnes was the "rival poet" of Sonnets 79–86. This seems to me on the whole the least successful of the many attempts to identify the man; but Barnes is so little known to readers and students in general that a brief discussion of his claims to the position thus accorded to him is not inappropriate here.

In his interesting introduction to the valuable collection of *Elizabethan Sonnets*, newly arranged and edited from Arber's "English Garner," Mr. Lee refers to Barnes thus: —

"Barnabe Barnes, who made his reputation as a Sonneteer in the same year as Lodge (1593) was more voluminous than any of his English contemporaries. The utmost differences of opinion have been expressed by modern critics as to the value of his work. One denounces him as 'a fool;' another eulogizes him as 'a born singer.' He clearly had a native love of literature, and gave promise of lyric power which was never quite fulfilled. His Sonnet 66 on 'Content' reaches a very high level of artistic beauty, and many single stanzas and lines ring with true harmony. But as a whole his work is crude, and lacks restraint. He frequently sinks to meaningless doggerel, and many of his grotesque conceits are offensive."

At this point, Mr. Lee inserts this footnote: "Cf. Sonnet 63, where, not content with wishing himself to be his mistress's

gloves, her pearl necklace, and her 'belt of gold,' the poet prays to be also metamorphosed into 'That sweet wine which down her throat doth trickle.'" Mr. Lee did not dare — and I cannot venture — to add the next two lines in which the "offensive" conceit is most realistically carried out. The passage is not more gross than others in Barnes's poems, but I know of none in worse taste, as such things go.

It will be seen that Mr. Lee damns Barnes with decidedly "faint praise." If we judged the Sonneteer by this critical estimate of his work, I doubt whether we could believe it possible that Shakespeare would have honoured him by recognizing him as a worthy rival in verse, or that Southampton (to whom Mr. Lee supposes Sonnets 79–86 to have been addressed) could have so regarded him. A poet whose early promise was "*never* quite fulfilled," whose work "as a *whole*" is "crude," and who "*frequently* sinks to *meaningless doggerel*," could hardly be the "better spirit" who, "in polish'd form of well-refined pen," has outdone Shakespeare in eulogizing his young friend. Could it be such a poetaster, who has put to silence the muse of Shakespeare, and concerning whom he asks: —

> "Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
> Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
> That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
> Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
> Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
> Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?"

Mr. Lee, to my thinking, adds insult to injury by accusing Shakespeare of *imitating* Barnes. Of the latter he says: "Constantly he strikes a note which Shakespeare clearly echoed in fuller tones." The only examples of this which he gives,[1] though he

[1] Two others are mentioned in his *Life of S.* (pp. 134, 152): the figure of the ship in *Sonn.* 80, similar to that in Barnes's *Sonn.* 91; and that of the tears "distill'd from limbecks foul as hell," in *Sonn.* 119,

says that "the parallels between Shakespeare's and Barnes's sonnets are far more numerous" than space permits him to cite, are as follows: —

"Cf. Barnes's Sonnet 56: 'The dial! love which shows how my days spend;' or 64: 'If all the loves were lost, and should be found;' or 15: —

> 'Where or to whom, then, shall I make complaint?
> . . . when I shall resign
> Thy love's large charter and thy bonds again.'

Shakespeare followed Barnes in the free use of law terms (cf. Barnes's Sonnets 4, 7, 20)."

But these "parallelisms," so far as cited (and we may suppose that Mr. Lee gives what he regards as some of the most striking of his "numerous" instances) are much like those on which the "Baconians" lay so much stress, — familiar figures and allusions found in many writers of the time. Legal terms, as Mr. Lee himself shows, are common in many of the Elizabethan Sonnets, and Judge Allen (in his *Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question*, Boston, 1900) has proved that they are as frequent in contemporary dramatists as in Shakespeare.

The "dial" reference is merely a verbal "parallel." The two slight allusions in Shakespeare are to the dial as illustrating the passage of time; and in the first (*Sonn.* 77) the sun-dial is clearly meant (as "*shady* stealth" proves), and perhaps also in the second (*Sonn.* 104). But Barnes's "dial" is a town-clock, symbolizing love, and the figure is elaborated, in his usual bad fashion, through the entire Sonnet, which may be quoted as an example of his style rather above the average: —

> "The Dial! love, which shews how my days spend,
> The leaden Plummets sliding to the ground!"

which is supposed to have been "adopted" from Barnes's *Sonn.* 49, quoted by me below. The former figure is a familiar one in poets of the time, and the latter is by no means rare.

My thoughts, which to dark melancholy bend.
The rolling Wheels, which turn swift hours round!
Thine eyes, Parthenope! my Fancy's guide.
The Watch, continually which keeps his stroke!
By whose oft turning, every hour doth slide;
Figure the sighs, which from my liver smoke,
Whose oft invasions finish my life's date.
The Watchman, which, each quarter, strikes the bell!
Thy love, which doth each part examinate;
And in each quarter, strikes his forces fell.
That Hammer and great Bell, which end each hour!
Death, my life's victor, sent by thy love's power."

This is copied exactly from Mr. Lee's *Elizabethan Sonnets* (vol i. p. 203). The reader may disentangle the metaphors if he can.

Mr. Lee is evidently hard pushed to find a creditable specimen of Barnes's work. He refers above to Sonnet 66, which he also praises twice in his *Life of Shakespeare* (pp. 132 and 432), quoting it in full the second time. It is no more than fair to give it here :—

"Ah, sweet Content! where is thy mild abode?
Is it with Shepherds, and light-hearted Swains,
Which sing upon the downs, and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven, with angels? which the praises sing
Of Him that made, and rules at His behest,
The minds and hearts of every living thing.
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thy harbour hold?
Is it in churches, with Religious Men,
Which please the gods with prayers manifold;
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven, or earth appear;
Be where thou wilt! Thou wilt not harbour here!"

With all due deference to the opinion of so eminent a critic, and that of readers who may agree with him in reckoning this (as he

does in the *Life*), an "almost perfect sonnet," reaching "a very high level of artistic beauty," I must confess that, though it is free from the worst faults of metre and style that characterize most of Barnes's poetry, it strikes me as crude and commonplace. The plan is good, being like that of Shakespeare's 49th and 64th Sonnets, but the execution is clumsy. The rhyme of *abroad* with *abode* is bad, though the word was evidently chosen for the rhyme rather than the sense; and the same is true of *thing* below, with its "minds and hearts." "On the plains," following "upon the downs" (hills or level ground on the top of hills) is sheer metrical "padding" without regard to sense. The mixture of theologies in the second and third quatrains is in the author's usual style; but why do the polytheistic "religious men" pray to their "gods" in "churches?" And is it content or something else that they "meditate then," and would they do it *then* except for the exigencies of rhyme? And wherein does the "artistic beauty" of the muddle consist?

I will add a few more of Barnes's sonnets, taken quite at random, in further illustration of his eccentricities: —

SONNET 24

These, mine heart-eating Eyes do never gaze
Upon thy sun's harmonious marble wheels,
But from these eyes, through force of thy sun's blaze,
Rain tears continual whiles my faith's true steels,
Tempered on anvil of thy heart's cold Flint,
Strike marrow-melting fire into mine eyes;
The Tinder whence my Passions do not stint
As Matches to those sparkles which arise.
Which when the Taper of mine heart is lighted,
Like salamanders, nourish in the flame:
And all the Loves, with my new Torch delighted,
Awhile, like gnats, did flourish in the same;
But burnt their wings, nor any way could frame
To fly from thence, since Jove's proud bird (that bears
His thunder) viewed my sun; but shed down tears.

SONNET 46

Ah, pierce-eye piercing eye, and blazing light!
Of thunder, thunder blazes burning up!
O sun, sun melting! blind, and dazing night!
Ah, heart! down-driving heart, and turning up!
O matchless beauty, Beauty's beauty staining!
Sweet damask rosebud! Venus' rose of roses!
Ah, front imperious, duty's duty gaining!
Yet threatful clouds did still inclose and closes.
O lily leaves, when Juno's lily's leaves
In wond'ring at her colours' grain distained!
Voice which rock's voice and mountain's hilly cleaves
In sunder, at my loves with pain complained!
Eye, lightning sun! Heart, beauty's bane unfeigned!
O damask rose! proud forehead! lily! voice!
Ah, partial fortune! sore chance! silly choice!

SONNET 49

Cool! cool in waves, thy beams intolerable,
O sun! No son, but most unkind stepfather!
By law, nor Nature, Sire; but rebel rather!
Fool! fool! these labours are inextricable;
A burden whose weight is importable;
A Siren which, within thy breast doth bathe her;
A Fiend which doth in Graces' garments grath her;
A fortress, whose force is impregnable;
From my love's 'lembic, still 'stilled tears. O tears!
Quench! quench mine heat! or, with your sovereignty,
Like Niobe, convert mine heart to marble!
Or with fast-flowing pine, my body dry,
And rid me from Despair's chilled fears! O fears,
Which on mine heben harp's heartstrings do warble!

SONNET 50

So warble out your tragic notes of sorrow,
Black harp of liver-piercing Melancholy!

Black Humour, patron of my Fancy's folly!
Mere follies, which from Fancy's fire, borrow
Hot fire; which burns day, night, midnight, and morrow.
Long morning, which prolongs my sorrows solely,
And ever overrules my Passions wholly:
So that my fortune, where it first made sorrow,
Shall there remain, and ever shall it plow
The bowels of mine heart; mine heart's hot bowels!
And in their furrows sow the Seeds of Love;
Which thou didst sow, and newly spring up now
And make me write vain words: no words, but vowels!
For nought in me, good Consonant would prove.

In many of Barnes's sonnets words seem to be introduced for the rhyme with little or no regard to the meaning. He also takes great liberties in rhymes: as *changed, range; throughly, roughly; woman, come on; see them, eye them; hatred, wat'red* (twice); *pilot, my late; vassal, pass all; late, wrote; pray, apply*, etc. New or strange words often occur, mostly for rhyme; as *naffe, menceless, searseth, wayment, lesses* (verb), *immurate*, etc. In Sonnet 23 we find the line, "Her heart whiles Pity's slight had undershoved me" (to rhyme with "removed me"). The closing lines of the same sonnet are: —

"There rest, fair Planets! Stay, bright orbs of day!
Still smiling at my dial, next eleven!"

Neither *day* nor *eleven* rhymes with any preceding word, and there is nothing to explain the use of *eleven*, unless it be the reference to "Meridian heat," which implies *twelve*. But such metrical puzzles are common in Barnes's verse. In Sonnet 41 is the line, "Then to mine eyes each Maid was made a *moat*," where the peculiar metaphor is imperfectly explained by the preceding lines (the only other reference to water in the sonnet): —

"Then more then blessed was I, if one tiding
Of female favour set mine heart *afloat*;"

but a rhyme for *afloat* was needed. In a description of his lady the line occurs, "Her cheeks thin speckled with a summer's *male*,"

where there is nothing to explain *male* except the necessity of a rhyme to *pale* in "her forehead coloured *pale*."

On the whole, the critic who, as Mr. Lee tells us, called Barnes "a fool" appears to have been a better judge of his verse than the one who thought him "a born singer." That he should have been a "rival" to Shakespeare in the favour of Southampton, or the person to whom Shakespeare addressed his *Sonnets* (whoever he may have been), is impossible.

Among half a dozen sonnets, addressed to noble lords and ladies, appended to Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* (1593), there is one to Southampton; but we have no evidence that Barnes ever dedicated a book to him. The *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, which was published anonymously, is dedicated on the title-page "To the right noble and virtuous gentleman, M. William Percy, Esq., his dearest friend." "The Printer," in an introductory address "To the Learned Gentlemen Readers," refers to the author as "unknown" but "enforced to accord to certain of his friends' importunacy" that the poems may be published. The poet adds a rhymed preface which begins thus:—

> "Go, bastard Orphan! Pack thee hence!
> And seek some Stranger for defence!
> Now gins thy baseness to be known!
> Nor dare I take thee for mine own.
> . . . . . .
> Some good man, that shall think thee witty,
> Will be thy Patron! and take pity," etc.

I find no record of any second edition of this book; but in 1595 Barnes published a *Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets*, which he dedicated to Toby Matthew, bishop of Durham. He also wrote at least one play, *The Divil's Charter, a Tragedie containing the Life and Death of Pope Alexander the Sixt*, which was performed before King James at Christmas 1606–1607, and in October, 1607, in which year it was also printed. It commended itself to the king as an attack on papal pretensions and on magic, but appears to have had no merit as a drama. The author died in 1609.

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